Photo Hutchinson & Swaddon.

Ah, little dog, you little know
What envy you inspire
Because your mistress loves you so!
Ah, little dog, you little know
To take your place how many a beau
Is full of vain desire.
Ah, little dog, you little know
What envy you inspire!

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By permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co., 25 Bedford-street, London, W.C.

"LA TOILETTE."

From the Painting by R. Vacha.

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"THE STAGE" AT HOME

A Peep at Some of the Public's Favourites in their Own Homes, Surrounded By Their Children.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD (Mrs. Robert Coulter) and HER BABY.

A Sweet Little Girl and Her Clever Mother.

In the play, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," Miss Evelyn Millard took the leading part, and in so doing went up many rungs of the ladder of Fame.

This part evidently made a great impression on her mind, for when her little girl was born, four years later, she received the name of Ursula.

Ursula was born two days after her mother's birthday—"almost a birthday present," says Miss Millard. In 1900, Miss Millard was married to Mr. Robert Porter Coulter, a wealthy merchant.

Her latest triumph has been won while taking the part of Columbina, in the "Harlequin King," at the Imperial Theatre. In this piece she and Mr. Lewis Waller have scored another success.

Photo Speelight.

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Photo. E. W. Thomas.

KITTY GORDON (The Hon. Mrs. Beresford)
AND HER LITTLE GIRL

A Dainty Actress and her Pretty Daughter.

Miss Kitty Gordon—in private life, the Hon. Mrs. Beresford—has one little girl, the daughter of a former marriage. Miss Gordon has been married twice previously. Her little daughter is five years old, and is, naturally, her mother's pride and joy. The small maiden is thoroughly up to date, for when recently asked what sort of a toy she would like, she answered: "I don't want a toy—I want a motor-car."

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Photo. *Ellis & Walery.*

MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND DAUGHTER

A Charming Picture.

Little Betty, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks' baby, is now twelve months old, and, already, she is a rich girl. Half the new Aldwych Theatre belongs to her, and the other half to Mabel, aged twelve.

Mabel is an adopted daughter, but Mrs. Hicks and her husband feel, as they always have felt, that she is just like their own. Mabel is at a Convent School in Kent, but she has no intention of taking the veil. She is a very nice girl, whose life has been as smooth and happy as she could possibly wish.

Mrs. Seymour Hicks has also a little protegée in Miss Barbara Deane, who sang very sweetly in "Blue Bell."

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Photo Dover Street Studios.

CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS SON.

A Popular Actor in the Character of the Proud Father.

John, aged four years and a half, is Mr. Cyril Maude's only boy. Already he is a keen playgoer, displaying advanced tastes, for he apparently enjoyed "Much Ado About Nothing" far better than "Noah's Ark."

He regards his mother with a suspicious eye when she is in her make-up. He does not seem to consider her at all a nice person at such times. Poor little John had a most serious accident in October last. His pony, "Rocket," shied, and the child was thrown, and his head badly cut.

"Poor Rocket!" was all he said; "it was not his fault." The plucky little man is all right again now.

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Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD (Mrs. H. B. Irving) AND HER LITTLE SON.

One of London's Most Talented Actresses.

Miss Dorothea Baird (Mrs. H. B. Irving) has a little son, aged eight, and a tiny baby girl, who was born last year. The small brother was naturally very interested in the arrival of this little maid, and his first question was: "Is she very beautiful?" "Not yet," he was told; "at present her face is rather red." "Oh, that's nothing. That will pass off. I expect it's because she is so excited at coming to us," said the child. Miss Dorothea Baird makes a sweet picture with her little ones. It would be hard to fit her with a more suitable *rôle* than "Mrs. Darling," which she played in "Peter Pan."

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Photo W. & D. Downey.

MR. AND MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY AND THEIR SON.

The Well-known Comedian and His Family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Huntley have two little boys. The elder, who appears in the photo, is now two years old, and is named John Guy Patrick. He is very dark, like his father, whom he strongly resembles in most other respects. A native of Boston, America, he has travelled the enormous distance of some 30,000 miles.

He talks little, but sings a small song of his own, "Happy, happy, happy," in many keys. His principal recreation is playing on his mother's pianola. Consequently this instrument stands in frequent need of repair.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

MISS EVA MOORE (Mrs. H. V. Esmond) AND HER LITTLE BOY.

A Pretty Actress and Her Pretty Child.

Miss Eva Moore has one little boy—Esmond Jack. He is the owner of a tiny bicycle. The mountings were of beautiful shining plate—but that was ten months ago. Jack, arrayed in kilts, rides like a Trojan. Yet he is not a strong child. He was very ill when four months old.

Miss Moore was then playing in "The Only Way," and only a mother can realise the strain of that terrible time.

Jack goes to school with Miss Lilian Braithwaite's little girl, Joyce, aged eight. They are firm friends—Joyce mothers him so sweetly.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

MR. & MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER & DAUGHTER

A Delightful Group.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier's little girl, Prudence, is now four and a half. Her mother says she is like a wallflower, and much resembles her aunt, Irene Vanbrugh. She spends much of her time in the conservatory, and knows the name of every flower from genista and verbena upwards.

She has a pretty and original way of describing the letters in the word cowslip. C, she says, is like a necklace with the clasp undone. O, the same, with clasp fastened. W, like an overturned chair. L, like a chair upright. I is like a post. We really forget what P is like.

An ingenious little mite, is she not?

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LIONS LOOSE IN LONDON

BY MARK PLINT

The History of What Followed the Burning of a Menagerie.

A GLARE in the heavens, and the thoroughfares of Leicester Square blocked from end to end with a dense crowd, massed black upon the roadway, with white faces upturned to the sky, watching in awed silence the fierce conflagration which is devouring before their eyes the splendid building of the Pantheon Circus.

Columns of water are being flung up into the sky, for the fire brigade has turned out in force to fight the flames. But the theatre roars and crackles like a giant furnace, and the fire, unabated by the quenching streams, gathers fresh fury every moment. It is a holocaust.

And as the flames leap higher yet, a hideous din arises from under them. 'Tis no confused babel of affrighted voices, such as preceded the stampede of the circus-goers when first the alarm was raised, but the blood-curdling cries of wild beasts venting their inarticulate terror in screams of bestial agony almost human.

The noise emanates from the wing of the circus, fronting upon a narrow side-turning of Leicester Square, in which are situated, besides the property-rooms, dressing-rooms, and other offices, the stables and quarters in which are kept the various trained animals that form so distinctive a feature of the Pantheon entertainment.

The uproar swells into a horrible paroxysm of rage and panic, while the crowd, sick at heart, listens helplessly. The firemen hear it, too. Stout hearts might well quail before so nerve-shattering a din, but the gallant fellows have too much in hand to pay great heed to it. The columns of water spout high into the air, and the battle with the flames goes on.

But a fearful, rending crash gives warning that some dire catastrophe has taken place. Splintered and smashed, the big wooden gateway that closes the entrance to the main yard of the stables topples outward and falls across the pavement of the side alley; and, trampling headlong over the *débris*, a big bull

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elephant, trumpeting a wild, discordant alarm, charges madly forth. The small eyes are red with rage and terror, the uplifted trunk is brandished menacingly in the air.

No man dare stand in the path of an elephant amok, and as the great brute, gigantic in its savage ferocity, breaks loose upon the Square the crowd flees helter-skelter before it. The firemen, in a sudden panic, take to their heels with the rest, dropping the hose-pipes in the gutter, and leaving the forceful water-jets to spend their energy where they will, sputtering the roadway with fantastic cascades.

But the fear-goaded elephant is terrified rather than wrathful. Panic-driven, it bolts wildly across the Square, and, charging madly through narrow Bear Street, gains Charing Cross Road and the open space, now almost deserted, of Trafalgar Square. Not pausing in its frantic career, and trumpeting hideously as it goes, it dashes full tilt through Spring Gardens into the Mall and St. James's Park.

Meanwhile the flames, gathering fresh impetus during this respite, are leaping higher, and higher yet, with ever increasing fury. Up and down dashes the Chief Officer, with threats, commands, and intreaties, alternately ordering and cajoling his men to return to their abandoned posts. Nor are his efforts in vain. The firemen's discipline is good, and the sight of the flames momentarily gaining a firmer hold of the burning theatre challenges their fighting instincts. Once more the streams of water are poured upon the glowing mass, and amidst the hysterical cheers of the excited onlookers, the fierce battle of the elements continues.

But worse things are in store. All this time the horrible din from the imprisoned beasts in the stable wing has never ceased. Now, suddenly, as the roof with fearful noise collapses, it is redoubled. The sounds are appalling: the cries are the cries of pandemonium—the awful screams of dumb brutes tortured into an almost articulate agony of terror. Then a roaring bursts out that almost drowns the other cries. The faces of the listeners blanch, and breathlessly the words are muttered on every hand:

"The lions!"

On the instant the half-spoken fear is realised. Through the shattered doorway, leaping over the fallen timbers, and scrambling one over the other in the savage haste of their panic, come tumbling some half dozen tawny lions. At sight of them the crowd, scarce recovered from the disorder of its flight from the trumpeting elephant, is flung again into wild confusion.

Sauve qui peut! Women and children are hurled to the ground and trampled upon in the demoralised rout which turns and flees for its very life.

In the middle of the roadway stand the escaped lions, scared but savage, seeming as though not able to make up their minds what course to pursue. The firemen, not twenty yards away, waver. Naught but the strong bond of discipline holds them to their post. Two cravens drop their hose-pipe and run, but the rest, encouraged by the timely "Stand fast, men!" of the Chief Officer, keep their ground. Men and lions face each other; the great brutes snarling, and lashing the air with their tails. For a moment, suspense. Then one, more bold than its fellows, advances a couple of stealthy steps. The shaggy mane bristles, the yellow fangs are bared.

But a happy thought strikes the Chief Officer. Snatching the still streaming nozzle from the hand of a fireman beside him, he turns the jet upon the approaching lion. The brute reels under the sudden impact of the water, staggers, and turns tail. Instantly every nozzle is trained upon the savage creatures, and a dozen steady streams of water drench them.

The cold water is effectual. Half drowned, their savage temper broken, the lions scatter before the firemen's onslaught, and slink away in different directions, their tails between their legs. Terrified by the lurid glare of the fire, the heat and the crackling of the flames, and the strangeness of their surroundings, the poor brutes seek only to escape from—they know not what. One, making blindly for the first retreat that presents itself, dashes through an open gate into the Leicester Square Garden, and is there entrapped. For a smart fireman, observing the move, promptly slams the gate, and the shivering creature has not the sense or the pluck to leap the low iron fence that incloses the garden.

The rest disperse in every direction. One, slinking through Coventry Street into Piccadilly Circus, takes refuge behind a mound of wood blocks, piled there by the paviors at work on the roadway.

Another, driven through the Haymarket, makes its way past the Carlton into Pall Mall; while a third carries panic through Shaftesbury Avenue into Oxford Street. Two more, wending in company as far as Trafalgar Square, make havoc of the diminishing traffic in Whitehall and the Strand.

Everywhere consternation reigns. The streets are filled with cabs and omnibuses galloping to the suburbs as fast as lathered horses can lay hoof to pavement; while from doorways and windows, shuttered and barred, white faces peer into the lamp-lit streets. The news travels on wings, and wild rumours spread from mouth to mouth; elephants are running amok in the Park, the whole menagerie of the Pantheon is loose in the streets. . . .

* * * * * *

Such the narrative of an eye-witness who had a part in the wild scenes enacted in the West End of London, that long-remembered night when the Pantheon Circus was destroyed by fire.

Even the wondrous pageant of the flames, it seems, could not hold the terror-stricken multitudes, which fled before the onset of the frenzied lions. Those who lived near, or had refuge accessible, sought safety at once, closely barricading doors and windows. The rest, suburban dwellers and the like, rushed tumultuously for their homes. Round every outgoing omnibus surged a frantic mob, fighting desperately for seats: while men struck furious blows to gain possession of a cab, and flung gold recklessly to the cabmen in their efforts to secure a vehicle.

Many were obliged to make their way home on foot, banding themselves into companies for mutual protection, and hurrying with frightened steps along the empty streets. None knew how far the lions had gone. At every corner they feared to see a lurking monster spring savagely into their midst; while some, who had witnessed the first break of the maddened elephant, shuddered as they pressed forward (keeping to the middle of road) to think what their fate might be, should the great brute's giant form come charging down upon them. Hysterical women, shrieking and struggling, had to be carried, as well as might be, along with the rest.

Meanwhile the firemen remained in conflict with the flames. Their efforts, however, were unavailing. The fire had secured a good hold before the discovery of the outbreak, and the various interruptions to which the firemen had been subjected severely handicapped them.

In a few hours the splendid Pantheon was completely gutted, its charred and blackened walls, standing forlornly under the reddened sky, being all that was left. With the main building collapsed the stable wing, many poor animals, unable to burst their bonds, perishing in the holocaust.

The fire-engines being withdrawn, the ruins were left in the hands of the police, together with those few of the Salvage Corps men who had been placed in charge. It cannot be held a matter for surprise that these, taking a moderate view of their duties, left the smouldering embers to look after themselves, and, mindful of the grim shapes possibly prowling in the side streets round about, took shelter in a friendly tavern hard by.

Scotland Yard was busy that night of the Pantheon fire. The situation was most critical. It is a matter of pride with Londoners that in no city of the world is the traffic so well superintended. The policeman on duty in the middle of the road is pointed out to admiring foreigners as one of the sights of London, and Scotland Yard, appreciating the compliment, tries to live up to its reputation.

But a mad elephant! And six savage lions! How would it be possible to regulate traffic if these wild beasts were still prowling in the jungle of London when morning came? In his mind's eye, the Chief Inspector saw visions of Hammersmith 'bus-horses felled by ravening lions—of a rogue elephant charging the incoming army of clerks at Liverpool Street. His face was grave. Immediate action was imperative. But what to do?

Help came from an unexpected quarter. As the Chief Inspector pondered, bewildered, over the paralysing situation, word was brought to him that a visitor wished to see him on urgent business. He looked at the card presented and read the inscription: "Mr. Charles Maylor."

He recognised the name; in fact, he had some previous acquaintance with the owner of it, though the presence of the latter in London came as a surprise. This Maylor he knew to be the representative in the East of Jamrach, Hagenbeck, Cross, and others of the big dealers in wild animals, as well as the agent of several Continental zoological societies. A man experienced in the ways of wild beasts, both captive and at large, and a hunter of experience, to whom the depths of the trackless jungle were as familiar as the Strand or Piccadilly to the Londoner. The Chief Inspector plucked up heart. So opportune an encounter seemed to promise possible assistance.

His visitor, with Yankee directness, lost no time in coming to the point. "I guess, sir," he said, as he entered the room, "you are

wanting to get rid of those lions I saw escape from the Pantheon, a half hour back?"

The official acknowledged vaguely that something would have to be done.

"And what might you be proposing to do?" asked the other.

The Chief Inspector was fain to admit that he didn't quite know.

"See here," said the Yankee trapper after a pause, "give me a light car to get about in, and half-a-dozen men—good, plucked 'uns, mind you, and spry—and I'll do it for you."

The official mind reflected. After all, it would be scarcely possible to do better. The only alternative that presented itself was to obtain a force of armed keepers from the Zoological Gardens and organise a hunt himself. But that would take time. Moreover, this man knew what he was about—was used to the pursuit of big game—though not, certainly, through the streets of the Metropolis. He could do no harm, even if——

"What about arms?" he asked.

"I've got 'em," was the prompt reply. "I'm staying right here at Morley's, and can fit 'em up with rifles inside of ten minutes. But I guess," he added, "it'll be me that does the shooting."

The offer seemed too good to be rejected, and within half-an-hour a light police van, with Maylor and six stalwart constables armed with heavy sporting rifles, had started on the trail of the fierce creatures at large.

It was not long before the first toll was exacted. It will be remembered that one of the lions, fleeing from the firemen's hose, had run into the central garden of Leicester Square, and therein been entrapped. Wet and shivering, the cowed beast lay skulking in the shrubs, lacking the spirit to make a bold leap over the not very high fence of iron which surrounded him. The firemen, it is certain, had been only too glad to leave the poor brute in peace while they finished their work; nor did the police and salvage men, left in charge after the engines had departed, evince any desire to interfere with his retirement.

To Leicester Square at once, therefore, came the band of hunters. A cautious reconnaissance soon discovered the unfortunate animal lurking beneath the bust of Hogarth in one corner. It stirred uneasily and growled at the approach of its pursuers, but the sudden flash of a bull's-eye lantern in its eyes dazzled it, and baffled any attempt to spring. The Yankee's rifle spoke sharply, and the lion rolled over with a bullet through the head. No. 1 was bagged.

With the next, however, there was more trouble. Advancing cautiously along Coventry Street, the hunters espied their quarry in the midst of Piccadilly Circus. The whole area was "up," and barricades of wood-blocks, breast-high, standing on the kerbs, inclosed it on every side. Slinking across the open space, seeming huge and almost unearthly in the white rays of the arc lamps, the armed men, as they approached under Maylor's leadership, perceived the second lion.

They took cover at once, stooping behind the nearest pile of wood blocks. The lion, however, heard their footfall, and turning sharply caught sight of one man as he stood in a gap. Instantly crouching low, the savage brute began to stalk its enemy, lashing its tail and crawling stealthily forward, with belly to the ground. Two rifles were levelled, but the crafty beast, keeping well in the shadow of the barricades, was no easy mark. It had come close when, with a final spring, it bounded across a lighted stretch of roadway towards its foes.

Simultaneously two shots rang out, but both missed. The trapper had reserved his fire. Next instant the lion was amongst the men. Right and left they scattered, but one, treading upon a fallen scaffold pole, tripped and fell. As he rose, the lion, seeking blood, turned upon him. But even as it pounced, like a cat upon a mouse, the man slipped aside and ran behind the wall of wood blocks. The lion was after him in a flash. For a moment it looked as though it would reach him. But the hunted constable was an active man. Laying one hand upon the barricade, he vaulted suddenly over the top, putting the obstacle between himself and his pursuer.

The latter was not to be baffled, however. Instantly gathering itself together, it leapt easily upon the wall. Its intended victim, who had fallen again in alighting upon the pavement, was close at hand, shut in between the rampart of paving blocks and the shop fronts, and the lion, with a fierce roar, sprang upon him.

But the blocks of which the barrier was built up were only loosely piled together. As the great monster "took off" (to use athletic parlance) its weight, and the impetus of its spring, sent the topmost blocks flying. The lion, its equilibrium upset, pitched heavily forward, and fell in a heap on the ground. Ere it could rise, Maylor, who had been watching intently for an opportunity from the shelter of a further barricade, ran swiftly forward, and clapping the muzzle of his

The brandished trunk caught him, and whisking him off the ground . . . flung him into the air.

weapon to the stunned animal's head, fired. With a violent spasm the brute half rose to its feet, then stumbled forward and lay still.

News meanwhile was brought of the direction taken by the rest of the lions. It will be recollected that one had been seen to turn aside on reaching Trafalgar Square, and make its way down the Strand. Maylor and his men accordingly took up this trail. This time, however, their task proved to be a simple one, the quarry being already cornered.

It appears that eastward-going late omnibuses, passing up the Strand (galloping full tilt), carried the news of the lion's incursion to Fleet Street. The newspaper men, being nothing if not enterprising, were consequently ready to receive and interview the intruder.

The lion showing signs of timidity—for by this time the poor brute was more scared at the strangeness of its surroundings than bold—offensive measures had been taken against it. Chivied by an excited mob of pressmen, pelted with beer-cans, bundles of "returns," and every available missile by yelling machine-room hands, and dazed by the brilliant glare from the lamps outside the *Telegraph* and *Chronicle* offices, the cowed beast had been driven up and down the street, vainly seeking an outlet of escape. From every side-turning fresh hordes of howling maniacs (as in truth they seemed) poured out to join in the hue and cry, till at length the panic-stricken quarry, in a last frenzy of despair, dashed madly into the dark entrance of Crane Court.

There the chase ended. To Crane Court there is no other outlet save that giving on Fleet Street, and the lion, seeking refuge in a far corner, was trapped. An excited crowd held the entrance, and the captive was too broken in spirit and thankful for respite from its pursuers, to attempt a dash for liberty. Arms only were needed to dispatch it, and when the hunters arrived, the doomed beast, thus rounded up, had not even a sporting chance of escape.

But these encounters in the streets, though thrilling enough, were as nothing to the terrible havoc which was being worked in the Mall and St. James's Park. The big bull elephant, which had been the first animal to escape from the burning circus, rushed headlong (as was explained earlier) into the Mall. The hour was late, and the long roadway to Buckingham Palace, where the Sovereign was in residence at the time, should have been deserted.

But it so chanced that urgent affairs of State had occasioned the attendance of the Prime Minister at the Palace that evening. As ill-luck would have it, the Minister's brougham left the Palace gates as the infuriated elephant broke in at the further end of the Mall. Unsuspicious of what lay ahead, the coachman drove briskly towards Downing Street.

Suddenly, bearing down upon him, looming titanic in the dim light of the gas-lamps, he perceived the huge form of the enraged leviathan. There was no escape; no time, no opportunity to turn aside. On came the elephant with rapid, shuffling strides, trumpeting harsh screams, its trunk uplifted. The horses shied, then started to bolt; but at that instant the elephant was upon them. Over went horses and carriage beneath the impact, amidst a crashing of the window-panes and a loud splintering of wood. The coachman, hurled from his box, pitched upon the ground head foremost, and never stirred. His neck was broken.

The Minister, crushed beneath the overturned brougham, was struck senseless and severely injured. His escape from instant death can only be described as miraculous.

Nor was this all.

Two policemen on duty near at hand, watching the catastrophe impotent and spell-bound, started forward to render assistance. At sight of them the elephant turned and charged. The men ran for their lives. One gained the safety of a wall, over which he scrambled, but the other was not so lucky. The brandished trunk caught him, and whisking him off the ground as a fly is brushed off a plate, flung him into the air. By good fortune, a high and ancient elm was close at hand. Into this the hapless constable was tossed, and there, lodged in the topmost boughs, terrified, but with a whole skin, remained till daylight came and his plight was discovered. The elephant, having wreaked its blind vengeance, sought solitude in the more secluded parts of the Park.

But the carnage was not yet over. Alarmed by the trumpeting of the great brute and the fearful noise of the collision, the sentries at the Palace gates had dimly witnessed in the distance some part of what had taken place. All happened so speedily, however, that even had they been able to leave their posts, or had they turned out the guard, there would have been no time to reach the scene of the disaster.

But it was not long before two of the sentries found themselves called upon to take action on their own behalf. From under the

shadow of the trees they suddenly perceived the skulking form of a lion emerge, and advance across the broad approach to the Palace gates. One called to the other, and together they tried, with cries and wild gesticulations, to frighten the unwelcome intruder away. The brute saw them, but came on undaunted. Its crouching gait was menacing, and that it was in no mood to be interfered with, even if it did not intend actual mischief was only too evident.

Lashing its tail, and creeping forward in cat-like fashion, the lion made directly towards one of the sentries. The latter's comrade called to him to have a care. The situation was perilous. But the sentry was a shock-headed Irishman, who feared neither man, beast, nor devil. He laughed back a jesting answer to his comrade.

"Bedad, and I'll challenge the baste if he comes a fut further," he said.

The savage brute paused for a moment, and raised its head. Then it advanced again.

"Halt! Who comes there?" sang out the sentry.

The quick, incisive challenge, and the rattle of arms as the man came to guard, arrested the lion's steps. For a moment they stood still, looking at each other, the lion crouching low, angrily switching its side with its tail, the soldier alert and ready, the steel of the bayonet which protruded from the muzzle of his rifle glinting in the lamp-light. Then with a roar the lion sprang.

On the instant, the soldier, tightening his grip, dropped on one knee. The lion landed fairly upon the point of the bayonet, which pierced its chest deeply; but the weight of the heavy body wrenched the weapon free and sent its holder sprawling backwards. Single-handed, it would have gone hard with the sentry.

But at the critical moment, his comrade, who had dashed to his assistance, came up. Clubbing his rifle, he swung the butt high into the air, and dealt the wounded lion a blow on the head of such fearful force that it cracked its skull and rolled the brute over. Both men were upon the prostrate body in a moment, and with fierce bayonet stabs administered a whole series of *coups de grâce*.

It was not until morning that Maylor, on the track of a lion which had been reported seen in the neighbourhood of Westminster, received an urgent message from the Chief Inspector to capture or destroy the rogue elephant, if possible, before it could work further havoc. Temporarily abandoning the search upon which he was engaged, but leaving a couple of men to continue cautious investigations, he hurried to the Park.

It might have been thought that here was the most difficult and dangerous task of all. But the elephant proved an easy prey. In response to a request from Scotland Yard, a

The weight of the heavy body wrenched the weapon free and sent its holder sprawling backwards.

force of armed keepers had been sent from the Zoo by the superintendent of the gardens, and this additional force was at once placed under the Yankee trapper's command. There is little cover for an elephant in St. James's Park, and in daylight it was easy to surround the monster on all sides.

In part, no doubt, recovered from the panic into which the heat and noise of the fire, and the strangeness of the streets, had driven it, the great brute seemed in less savage mood than on the previous night. It was not until it found itself being gradually hemmed in upon that it awoke to action. A dangerous rush followed; but just as the line of beaters wavered and threatened to break, an explosive bullet from the cool-headed Maylor's rifle, skilfully planted at the root of the trunk, dropped it dead.

The remaining two lions, however, caused more trouble. Though four had been disposed of during the night, news of the killing of two only had reached Fleet Street when the morning papers went to press. Details of the escapes from the burning Pantheon were none too numerous, but the ingenious gentlemen of Fleet Street were in no way discouraged in their efforts thereby.

Consternation reigned at suburban breakfast tables all over London that morning. Four ravening lions and a rogue elephant loose in the streets! No wonder the traffic was disorganised, and the various railway stations besieged by congested crowds, who feared to venture into town. It was not until early editions of the evening papers announced the killing of two more lions and the elephant that people began to go about their avocations. Even so, there were many, more timid than the rest, who preferred to remain at home. Business was at a standstill; for employees arrived late or not at all, and those shops which opened had no customers.

The danger was minimised before the morning had advanced very far by the locating of the missing truants. As soon as their whereabouts had been definitely ascertained by the tireless Maylor and his reinforced band, a strong cordon of police was drawn round each affected area, and a number of constables stationed at suitable spots to divert such traffic as was moving and prevent a crowd from assembling.

The trail of the lion of which the pursuit had been abandoned in order that the elephant might be dealt with, proved a difficult one. At Westminster the hunters had no clue to the direction taken by the quarry.

Eventually they decided to investigate the tangled network of streets which makes up Pimlico. The search was necessarily a slow one and conducted with much caution, and they spent some hours ineffectually, finding no trace of the lion.

At length, coming to the conclusion that they were on a false trail, they worked gradually round towards Victoria Station. This, in fact, was the direction which had been taken by the lion. It seems probable that after passing the Abbey it became scared by the lights in Victoria Street, and sought refuge in the side thoroughfares. Prowling from one quiet street to another, or perhaps finding a convenient lurking-place in some secluded corner, it managed to escape observation during the night.

In the early morning, however, it was seen in the neighbourhood of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and its pursuers were soon on the spot. Passengers from Croydon, Norwood, and similarly situated suburbs, on arriving at Victoria by the morning trains, found themselves detained. A wide area in the immediate neighbourhood was inclosed and, while this was being gradually narrowed, the public were advised not to leave the shelter of the terminus. Fears that the lion might turn to bay, however, proved ill-founded, and the poor, hunted creature, finally cornered in Carlisle Street, offered an easy mark.

The adventures of the sixth lion came to an even more ignoble end. This was the animal which had made a dash for freedom up Shaftesbury Avenue, and carried panic into Oxford Street. The first harbour which it sought was the open door at Frascati's. Repelled by a plucky commissionaire, who frightened it off by alarming play with a huge doorkeeper's umbrella, the frantic animal had bolted towards Oxford Circus. The people in the streets fled on all sides, and the traffic dispersed with amazing celerity. Meeting with no opposition, the lion crossed Oxford Circus and turned down Bond Street, finally losing itself in the little maze of side streets which lie between that thoroughfare and Regent Street.

Delayed by his many encounters and long pursuit of the other animals, it was not until late in the morning that the indefatigable Yankee, hot on the trail of this last animal, eventually marked it down. Its whereabouts having been discovered, and the locality isolated, the armed men were beginning to close in gradually, when a diversion was caused by the arrival of Herr Freeth, the trainer and owner

of the escaped troupe. News had only just reached him, in his lodgings at Camberwell, of the night's events, and he came post haste to endeavour to save some of his valuable animals.

After a brief discussion it was agreed that the trainer should be allowed to attempt the capture of the lion alive. Armed himself with only a heavy whip, but attended by Maylor and a keeper, with rifles ready in case of emergency, Herr Freeth advanced into the circumscribed area.

Passing round-two turnings without finding the object of their quest, the three came suddenly upon the lion, crouching in a corner and devouring a piece of offal which it had picked up in the gutter. At their approach, the brute rose to its feet, and faced the intruders threateningly. Bidding his companions halt, the trainer coolly advanced, and called his charge by name. The great beast wavered, but seemed in doubt. For a moment, indeed, it looked to be gathering itself for a spring, and the others fingered their triggers nervously.

But the trainer did not flinch. Raising his hand, he flourished it in the air, and brought it down with a jerk. The crack of the whip was like a pistol shot, and the whistling of the lash brought the recalcitrant brute to its senses. Putting its tail between its legs, it retreated as far as possible into the corner in which it had taken its stand. It was plain it knew its master.

"Bring a barrel," shouted the trainer, without taking his eyes off the cowed beast.

The keeper carried the message to the waiting police. It was some time before the necessary article could be found, but at last a large cask was obtained from a neighbouring store and rolled up to the trainer's feet. The latter with a kick sent it spinning to where the lion skulked, like a disobedient child, in the corner. Then he pointed to the barrel with his hand, and cracked the whip loudly as he took a step forward.

Only too glad of some hole in which to hide and escape the threatening lash, the poor beast crept ignominiously into the waiting receptacle. As it did so the trainer, running forward, clapped on to the open end the lid which he had snatched up, and the sorry-looking "king of beasts" was captured. Ten minutes later the barrel, strongly corded, was on its way to the Zoo, Herr Freeth's own cages all having been destroyed in the fire.

Completely disorganised as the business of London had been that morning by the transformation of the West End into a cockney jungle, by late afternoon town had resumed its normal aspect. It is even said that the enterprising Palace Theatre displayed bioscope pictures of the elephant hunt in St. James's Park that same evening. The success which attended the *Standard's* shilling testimonial fund for conferring recognition of the services of the intrepid Maylor, will be fresh in the minds of everyone.

HERE'S TO THE WIMPLE.

Dame Fashion, with her wile,
Man's fancy to beguile,
Ordains as latest style
The cunning wimple.

A thing of gauze or lace
Tied round the female face
With subtle art and grace,
Though looking simple.

As lightly to and fro
The gossamer doth blow,
Young eyes look brighter so,
More coy the dimple.

'Tis kind, too, to the old,
Veils lines, and eyes grown cold,
And faded hair looks gold
Seen through its rimple.

Dame Fashion, often wrong,
Has this time earned a song,
So may its reign be long.
Here's to the wimple!

J. E. WHITBY.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

All Readers, but especially those Living Abroad or in the Colonies, are Invited to submit Photographs suitable for Insertion in this Feature.
Liberal Payment is Made for all Accepted Contributions.
Photographs should be accompanied by a short description of the subject illustrated.

A PATENT STEAMER SEAT.

PATENT life-saving apparatus is constantly brought out, but this last result of the inventor's skill seems to be highly practicable.

The idea turns to account the well-known, highly uncomfortable, seats provided on the decks of cross-channel and other steamers.

The seats are of wood, and, of course, will float. Therefore they have been constructed in the shape of a boat, and have been fitted up inside like the ordinary lifeboats carried by steamers.

When the lid, which forms the seat, is lifted, oars, sails, rudder, etc., are disclosed,

Photo. G. A. Knight.

The seat in ordinary use on the deck of a steamer.

and the top has only to be removed to render the lifeboat-seat fit for a voyage.

On boarding the craft, it is only necessary to attach the rudder and hoist the sail.

Photo. G. A. Knight.

In the event of shipwreck or accident it is quickly transformed into a lifeboat

There is now no excuse for passengers on steamers being nervous and fearful of shipwreck or collision. If they travel on vessels fitted with these patent seats they may rest perfectly satisfied that, whatever happens, they are safe.

An Indian fakir and his somewhat complicated trumpet.

A QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE owner of this strange species of horn or trumpet is an Indian fakir. On being politely asked to blow a specimen blast on the instrument, the young man was kind enough to comply with the request. The result was such as to make the listener wish he had been content to imagine what kind of sound came from the fakir's trumpet.

The proverb says, "Like father, like son," and so a complicated sound might naturally be expected from a complicated instrument.

But surely the world has seldom seen such an architectural feat as this construction in buffalo horn. It might easily be mistaken for the latest thing in patent pipes, and indeed, the fakir's attitude slightly suggests that he is smoking.

Still, there is no accounting for tastes. If the Hindu faithful are soothed and attracted by the fakir's playing, there is no doubt that he is doing good in the world by his performance, though the *Feringhee* listener be never so sceptical.

Photo Lilian Bland.

Two generations of toads, the pets of a lady, which lead a happy life in a greenhouse.

TWO ATTRACTIVE TOADS.

These toads, in spite of St. Patrick's excommunication, live in a greenhouse in Ireland. They have all the comforts a toad can wish for, including dark holes to hide in and a home of their very own, carefully constructed for them in the greenhouse.

This home has a main entrance and a back door. Two of the fattest toads—there are seven in all—have seized it for themselves, and only occasionally receive their poor relations. These are obliged to enter by the back door.

The youngster photographed is rather fond of riding on the old one's back, and was quite willing to pose before the camera in that position.

It is most amusing to watch a toad stalk a worm. He first considers the serious question which end he shall take first, but finally gives it up as hopeless, and seizes the worm in the middle.

There is a click as his tongue darts out, and most of the worm (all, if it be a small one), disappears. The toad then stamps and wriggles, scrapes his mouth with his hands (occasionally scraping out the worm, when he regards the resurrection as evidently miraculous), and, the worm being finally conquered, gasps with a long drawn breath of relief, and an "I've got you down at last" expression.

Toads make fascinating pets.

A PRIMITIVE LIFT.

Not everyone would care to be dangled over a precipice in a species of collapsed hammock, suspended on a large hook.

This, however, is the only way to reach certain monasteries in Thessaly. Built on steep, inaccessible cliffs, there is absolutely no means of climbing to them.

Therefore, the good monks, when visitors or fresh supplies of food are waiting below, lower a net attached to the end of a rope.

The visitor ensconces himself as comfortably as may be in this net, tries not to think what he would look like on arriving at the foot of the precipice supposing the rope broke, and is rapidly and safely hoisted up to the monastery.

Thus, he is saved the exertion and danger of climbing, and arrives far more rapidly at the top of the cliff than if there were a path leading to its summit.

The monks who inhabit these monasteries enjoy almost perfect solitude.

Photo Underwood & Underwood.

Certain monasteries in Thessaly are built on such inaccessible rocks that communication can only be carried on as shown here.

Photo Fritz.
A windmill at Reigate Heath which has been turned into a church.

A WINDMILL USED AS A CHURCH.

The church of St. Cross, at Reigate Heath, was, strange to say, formerly a windmill. This is perfectly clear to a visitor, because the outside of it is still as it was when it fulfilled its original destiny. The interior, however, has been fitted up as a church, and a service is held there on Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Perhaps the original intention of those who transformed this windmill into a place of worship was to provide a service for the heathen who play golf on the adjacent links. St. Cross', which is in connection with the neighbouring parish church, is quite close to the golf clubhouse. It is to be hoped that the number of golfers who attend it is very large.

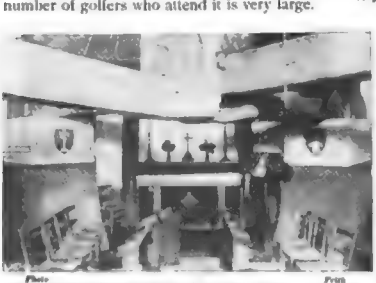

Photo Fritz.
The interior of the windmill-church, showing the altar and part of the "chancel."

THE REWARD OF FEMININE WICKEDNESS IN MANCHURIA.

The Manchurian deals out justice with a heavy hand to erring members of the fair sex. Lest they should forget past sins, he hangs a little reminder of their misdeeds round their necks. To add to the discomfort of the sufferers, they are fastened together in threes.

The "reminder" is made of wood. Two planks about an inch and a half thick have an iron bar running through them at each end. Two more bars pierce them, one at either side of the middle lady's head.

At both ends of the iron bars are holes, through which padlocks are passed. When these are locked, the iron bars cannot be withdrawn. Three circular pieces are cut from the two planks, large enough to admit the necks, but not the heads, of the feminine offenders. When the stern Manchurian judge has made an order for the committal of the prisoners, an official unlocks the padlocks of

Photo J. Brookes.
A punishment meted out to refractory ladies in Manchuria.

one of these wooden contrivances. The two planks are clamped round the necks of the unfortunate prisoners, and the padlocks are relocked.

By the irony of circumstances, they are compelled, until they become accustomed to their new "jewellery," to contribute to each other's torture.

It is by no means easy for three women to walk about wearing one of these wooden collars so that they do not nearly dislocate their necks at every step. And, until time and practice have taught them the correct way to walk, mutual recriminations are indulged in very frequently indeed.

This tree, one of the giant sequoias of California, is 1341 years old. This unique photograph was taken just at the moment when the tree was falling.

A TREE 1341 YEARS OLD.

In the Forestry Hall of the American Museum of Natural History is a huge slice cut from one of the giant sequoias, or big trees of California. This slice is the largest section of one of these trees which has ever been shipped from its original home.

Only ten groves of sequoias still remain, and these survivors are now under the protection of the United States Government. They only grow on a narrow strip of land ranging from four to eight thousand feet above the sea level. These groves were ransacked for the purposes of the Natural History Museum, and the selection fell upon "Mark Twain."

"Mark Twain" was ninety feet in circumference at the base, and sixty-two feet at a spot eight feet from the ground, where it was decided to make the cut.

To fell one of these trees, a wedge-shaped incision about twelve feet wide is made, and continued to about two-thirds the diameter of the tree, which then falls by its own weight.

The section for the museum was four feet thick, and weighed thirty tons. To facilitate its transportation to New York, it was cut into ten pieces, which were fitted together on arrival.

PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER WATER.

At Madeira, small boys make a very fair amount of pocket money by diving after coins which passengers on liners, and youthful officers on men-o'-war, throw into the sea for them. The water is very clear, and thus they are enabled to see the small change more easily than if it were dropped into the "silvery" Thames somewhere down by the Docks.

This clearness of the water enabled the photograph below to be taken.

It shows a boy, who has dived after a copper coin, at a depth of ten feet below the surface of the waves.

Such a photograph would be impossible near our shores, for the satisfactory reason that anyone ten feet below water would be indistinguishable.

The snapshot is excellent in every respect. The boy is plainly visible, and he has evidently retrieved the coin, and is just shooting up to the surface with his prize. He is, no doubt, quite unconscious of the fact that an enthusiastic amateur photographer is training a camera on him.

Ignorance is bliss.

Photo Orish, Southsea.

Although the boy in the picture was ten feet below the surface of the water, he has been successfully photographed.

The Day Cave of the Australian Caverns. It is full of wonderful stalagmites and stalactites. The netting is to protect visitors from possible accident.

THE JENOLAN CAVES.

Australia's Wonderful Caverns.

The Jenolan Caves are situated in the heart of the Blue Mountains, almost 100 miles, as the crow flies, west of Sydney.

Lying in the folds of the hills, with their entrances hidden by vegetation, they were so difficult to reach until recent years that comparatively few people were aware of their existence. Steps were taken, however, to acquire them as national property and place them under proper protection and care.

Before their discovery by James Whalan in 1841, when out searching for stolen property, they were said to have been the refuge of McEwen the Bushranger and other offenders of his kind in the old colonial days.

The caves lie in a long saddleback of limestone rock, and are approached down a zigzag road cut in the hillside, which is honeycombed in all directions, and as yet to an unknown extent, with caverns and passages. These were all hollowed out by water, and, later on, decorated by Nature with every kind of stalactite and stalagmite.

There are miles and miles of fantastic halls and grottoes, with endless and confusing connections by means of tunnels, gorges, and passages, forming vast labyrinths in which it is easy for the explorer to lose his way.

The Day and Night Caves are the vestibules to the more mysterious regions.

In the Night Cave darkness reigns, save for the occasional flare of the magnesium wire ignited by the guide, or the brilliant illumination when he switches on the electric light which is installed in the more known parts of the caves. In these the visitor is protected by netting and handrails.

The choicest beauties of the Jenolan Caves are the "Fairies' Grotto," the "Crystal Cities," the "Garden Palace," the "Imperial Palace," the "Architects' Studio," the "Showroom," and the "Subterranean River."

To reach many of these the visitor has to worm his way along on hands and knees through tortuous tunnels and through gorges whose sides are lost in perpetual darkness. He must also step across woodwork bridging bottomless fissures or chasms above the soundless subterranean river which flows whence and whither no man knows.

There is an element of mystery connected with the ladder seen in the picture of the Night Cave. It was there when the caves were discovered in 1841, and its presence cannot be explained satisfactorily.

The Night Cave. This contrasts strongly with the Day Cave. It is always in darkness and has to be illuminated for visitors to see it.

Another Episode with That Ass Wilson

A Holiday on the Continent.

By Fox Russell.

It says much for the innate goodness of human nature that after Wilson's ridiculous conduct on two former occasions, we—Simmons, Bates, and myself—allowed him to join us on a spring holiday trip to the Continent. Even our kindliness, however, did not attempt the flimsy disguise of denying that Wilson was, and is, an ass; but—the fellow means well.

We even allowed him to join in the preliminary discussions we held (in office hours, with our heads bent down over the ledgers, so that old Sniffins, the head clerk, should not detect us) as to where we would betake ourselves.

"Now, I've always wanted to go to the Cape," began Simmons, when Bates interrupted with:

"Yes, but as we've got exactly seven days' leave from the office, it doesn't look much like getting there!"

I remembered that when the South African War broke out, Simmons had every opportunity given him of going to the Cape, "all free, gratis, and for nothing," as a volunteer, but somehow or other he didn't seem to jump at the chance. However, I forbore to mention this—I thought it would be safer.

"Paris for me," said Bates; "there's no place like Paris. Paris is better than any other city in the world."

"Have you ever been there?" I asked suddenly.

"No-o—er—well, no, not exactly to Paris," he stammered awkwardly, and then stopped.

I knew he'd never been out of England in his life, and loved to see him wriggle. Now, I *have* travelled, and think it very necessary for a man to know other countries than his own. I have been to Boulogne.

"Well, I vote for a round tour—Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Ostend, and so home. We could just do it in the time, and I should like to become really familiar with Continental life," said Simmons.

"Let's go by the long sea route," cried Bates, who always affects the bluff sailor (whilst on shore). "We'll start at St. Katherine's Dock, and go direct to Rotterdam."

And we finally settled on this. It was cheapest, and we thought we should like a blow.

We had it, later on.

We took very little luggage. But that ass Wilson must needs haul a huge travelling rug with him. I told him how ridiculous it was, but he only smiled, saying it might come in useful on the boat.

Two days before starting, I bought a French conversation book, and studied it earnestly. They say French will take you anywhere; it took me, on occasions, farther than I meant to go.

I really think if these handy little volumes would instruct you how to order a chop, or a

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roll and butter, they would do more actual service than in dealing so succinctly with the "pen of one's aunt." After all, the pen of one's aunt is really so seldom required in life that it hardly seems worth while devoting so much space to the subject. Things, too, which are "the property of the gardener," do not interest me a bit.

All four of us crammed into one cabin on the boat. Bates said it would be warmer—it was.

After a fitful sleep, I was awakened at dawn by Simmons' foot pressing on my head from the upper berth. Wilson had already risen and gone on deck, where we found him, an hour later, wrapped in that ridiculous rug, and looking blandly happy. It was awfully rough and cold, so I accepted half of his rug (just to please him), and we sat there till the breakfast bell rang.

Then I started to go below. A fragrant smell of bacon and fried fish saluted my nostrils as I began descending the companion stairs; and I paused and doubted whether I really felt hungry—whether I would not wait a little, until my appetite became more keen; and then a cold grey sea struck the vessel's quarter and slopped on board. That decided me. I staggered back and sat with Wilson again.

Ten minutes later the other two joined us; we huddled together, and sat beneath Wilson's ridiculous rug.

Whenever, during that awful day, any one of us was momentarily well enough to speak, he always asked the same question—"Who was it that suggested the long sea passage?"

Arrived, after a seemingly interminable time, at our destination, it was a sad-eyed, livid-faced quartette which crept up the gangway leading from the ever-to-be-execrated boat on to the quay at Rotterdam; and when the Customs' officials seized upon our baggage we felt at last that we were really abroad—all abroad—strangers in a strange land.

The head man glared at us through heavy-rimmed spectacles, and pointing at our baggage, asked in a voice of thunder:

"*Kommensiesplugefonteinerkarpdorf?*"

I said, "No—it has never struck me in that light before."

The official repeated his question, and I turned to Bates for assistance. He *said* he understood Dutch.

Bates shook his head, and observed that this sort of Dutch was not the pure and modern Batavian which he, Bates, had always been accustomed to—in fact, that it was the official's "Old Dutch."

Here Wilson laughed, as if he thought a joke was intended. He *is* an ass, that man.

"*Passporteinzeaschiffenspreeintrojuicens*"—began the officer again, when a light broke in upon me.

"I see—he wants me to introduce you to him—allow me," I said, turning to the gold-braided one, "Mr. Bates; and this is Mr. Simmons—this is——" but a veritable roar of rage arrested my further utterance. The official actually shook me in his angry endeavour to make me understand.

Well, I'm a bit of a John Bull Englishman, and not quite the man to stand *that*—especially from an alien. So I waited till he had finished shaking me, and then stared at him—oh, awfully hard! I think he quailed, though Bates always maintains that he didn't.

"Why not give him our keys to open the trunks?" suggested Wilson, with his usual fatuous imbecility.

Well, of course, anyone could do *that*. I gave up my keys with a scornful glance at Wilson, just to show him that, though I complied with his request, I hated his pusillanimity.

What I detest about Wilson is that he always recommends the obvious.

Our baggage having been passed by the Customs' officials, we were met by an hotel porter, and, temporarily oblivious of the fact that I was in Holland, I tried my French on him.

Rapidly turning over the pages of my French conversation book, I fixed him with my eye, and began:

"Er — *bonjour — commong vous porty vous?*"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"*Schiffaurienszoophaatrongütmaarlenszee*"—or words to that effect.

I ran my hands through my hair, and tried again.

"Er—*kous vcodray*—no, that's not it—next page—ah! here it is—er—*nous sommes etrangers, et nous voodray monger*—" but he broke in with a frenzied shout of:

"*Naderzoomstirrditboomje!*"

I didn't take a photograph of the word, so I can't exactly swear to the spelling, but that's what it sounded like.

I turned from him despairingly—this ignorant clown evidently knew no language

but his own, and I said so, witheringly, to Wilson.

Of course, that ass replied:

"Well, be reasonable, old man; neither do we."

I shut up the French conversation book with a bang. Eighteen-pence actually thrown away.

We walked slowly up the cobble-stoned street, and paused opposite an hotel of comfortable appearance.

Simmons said: "Let me do interpreter here. I have just a smattering of the language."

damschiffr room Angelande, und wantje ein roomje und brod, und beefs und bieres."

The landlord advanced a step towards us—I thought with the intention of putting us outside. Unwilling to give him needless trouble, I took a step or two towards the door myself. Just then Simmons, seeing that the man didn't understand Dutch, or, at least, *his* Dutch, suddenly said to him:

"*Parlay voo Fransay, Monsieur?*"

"*Oui, oui,*" replied the landlord pausing, and Simmons looked pleased, as though he had solved a difficult problem. Then his

The man shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "*Schlfhurlenssroophastrenaghmassrianssss.*"

We followed him meekly through the door. In the hall we were confronted by the tall, lantern-jawed landlord—not at all the type of fat, heavy Dutchman we had been expecting to see.

Simmons gave a preliminary cough, and commenced: "*Gut day, Oom. Sposen we ein brekfust kan habgee?*"

But it didn't seem to work. The landlord merely stared and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets.

The dauntless Simmons, however, resumed: "*We haven justke arriven von der*

face clouded over again as he hesitatingly said:

"Er—um—well—*je—je—je*—fear *que je —que je* don't."

"Perhaps he speaks English," whispered Wilson; "try him."

"You ass!" cried Simmons, turning on him wrathfully. "How can a Dutchman—" when suddenly the landlord broke in with:

"Waal, now, why didn't you speak in your own language, instead of fooling around in Dutch, Mister? I reckon Amurican's good enough for me. Come right in, and you'll

be served quicker than you can wink. An' if you think what you've been giving me is Dutch—waal, I should smile!"

Simmons tried to laugh it off.

"Men should never attempt to speak languages they don't understand," I said severely.

Simmons turned quite nasty at this.

"How about your French?" he retorted, "and *you* couldn't make anything of it, even with the conversation book to help you!"

I didn't answer. A man loses his dignity by entering into controversy on points such as these.

Two hours later we were in the train, and speeding at the stately rate of eight miles an hour towards the capital.

Arrived at Amsterdam, we went through more weird experiences in wrestling with the language, but finally found an hotel porter in garish livery, who conducted us to the establishment whose destinies he watched over. Here we found ourselves far better understood. Simmons began to get quite uppish over this, pointing out triumphantly that it was only in the provinces that the people didn't understand his Dutch; here in the capital the thing was simple enough.

The clerk in the bureau asked:

"Would ze shentlemans all night stay? Would they *einen* beds require?"

"*Ya, ya,*" replied Simmons with a rollicking air, "*einen* beds *pour quatre.*"

"You see," he added, turning to us, "I can understand quite well when they speak the true Batavian tongue: it's only when they——"

"Batavian be blowed!" burst out Wilson, with quite unnecessary vigour; "it's this half-bred German's idea of *English!*"

Just like Wilson! Always will interfere! When poor Simmons, too, was quite happy and thoroughly making an ass of himself.

That afternoon and evening we went to two picture galleries, the zoological gardens, four music halls, six cafés, and the theatre. All of us, that is, except Wilson, who, like the unenterprising clod he is, retired to bed at 10 p.m., and left us to drink in practical Continental experience, and several other things besides.

Setting out on our return to the hotel, arm-in-arm, and already feeling the exhilaration of the bracing Amsterdam air, we said that we would have some fun before going to bed that night.

"Let's climb a lamp-post and put out the light," cried Simmons as a bright inspiration.

"Stale," sniffed Bates haughtily. "Why not pull down the shutters of a shop?"

"Or hit a policeman," I suggested, "and run away."

"That's rather a good idea," said Simmons, "let's all shove up against the—the smallest one we can find."

"Oh, certainly the smallest," I agreed. Then, as the rest laughed, I added, "they say the small ones are always the fiercest."

"Are they indeed?" rejoined Simmons thoughtfully. "Well, if that's the case, I think perhaps we had better not—oh, by Jove, here's a mild enough looking specimen! Come along, boys, we'll have some sport!"

Well, I don't know exactly how it all happened, but it seemed as if one moment we were pushing the small policeman over, and the next we were all three in custody. As soon as the assaulted one whistled for help the whole place seemed alive with policemen. The street was stiff with them.

Let me cut short the account of the horrors of that night. The police obstinately refused to be "squared," and we three highly respectable gentlemen, employed by one of the most solid and reputable firms in the City of London, were hauled off to languish in a foreign dungeon until we could be haled before the justices. How cruelly unjust are the ways of Fate! For, whilst we were martyred all night in an alien gaol, Wilson—Wilson the unspeakable—absolutely snored, pig-like, in his comfortable bed at our hotel!

Of course, in a way, this was a blessing in disguise, as he, not being "in durance vile," could be appealed to to help us. But, although we sent him an urgent message immediately, it will always remain on record against Wilson that he did not bail us out. The fact that he was not allowed to is, I know, always advanced by him as an excuse, but—well, I hate excuses; they are unmanly and un-English.

Next morning we were brought before the Baggagemaster—I mean Burgomaster—and our accuser, looking smaller even than he had done the night before, gave evidence—at least, I presume so. He gibbered volubly in Dutch, and we wretched prisoners were despairingly trying to follow him, not catching more than one word in twenty, when, entering the little court in great haste, came Wilson with an interpreter.

Through the latter official, we were made to understand that the charge against us was that of doing grievous bodily harm to the small policeman. When the latter had

finished giving his evidence, the magistrate intimated that we might speak.

"Ask him what marks of violence he has," said Bates to the interpreter in tremulous tones.

"Say we didn't mean to hurt him," I exclaimed despairingly.

I felt like a jelly-fish about to be overtaken by a whale. The thought of being interned in a Dutch oven—I mean a Dutch prison—produced in my sensitive breast a feeling of funk—er—I should say tension—which was absolutely painful.

"Tell the magistrate we're Englishmen "not knowing any better." We were to pay a fine, equivalent to about five shillings each, and to apologise to the small policeman, and (solely in deference to Wilson's wishes), we did so. I wish the matter had been left in *my* hands, by Jove! I'd—I'd—I'd have—oh, I don't know what I *wouldn't* have done rather than apologise.

We came away from the court sadder and poorer men. Wilson actually left us to pay our own fines, and also the interpreter's fee—just like Wilson!

Arrived at our hotel, Bates, who had quite recovered his spirits, observed:

One moment we were pushing the small policeman over, and the next we were all three in custody.

and will write to the *Times*," cried Simmons, "tell him that we're respectable ratepayers (or at all events, rate-*owers*) in Balham; tell him that——"

"Tell him yourself," grunted the interpreter ungraciously.

A wave of the Burgomaster's hand silenced us all. I feared the worst. Then, of course, Wilson must needs strike in, with his characteristic want of tact, and suggest to the interpreter that he hoped the matter might be settled by an apology and a small fine. At first the magistrate was obdurate, and a foreign prison yawned for us; then he came slowly round and agreed to this course, in consideration of our being foreigners and

"What I really think we want now is something to liven us up a bit."

We got it; for, just at that moment, the head-waiter entered with the bill.

Simmons read it first—then he handed it on to Bates, who, after perusing it carefully, laid his head on his hands and groaned. I picked it up, and my hair slowly rose on end as item after item pitilessly proclaimed the ruin of four young lives. And, lastly, that ass Wilson read it, and gave a low whistle. Now, how could a whistle do us any good?

At last he spoke.

"Of course, it's a robbery; but what are we to do?"

"I doubt if we've got money enough to

pay, between the four of us," said Simmons gloomily. "Of course, we must abandon the rest of the trip."

Personally, I was prepared to abandon my boots, if only we could escape from the hotel bill.

"If you like, I'll interview the manager, and see what can be done," said Wilson.

My gratitude was so great that I tried to fall on his neck, but missed him, and broke a plate instead.

Wilson was gone nearly half-an-hour, during which time we awaited his return in feverish expectancy.

When he entered the room again, we all jumped to our feet and gasped out:

"Well?"

He sat down and said:

"I explained to the manager that we were not Grand Dukes, and he retorted that our appearance had never led him into that error; and I also said that we merely wished to pay for the one night's hire of rooms—not to buy the freehold of the hotel.

"Finally I got him to let us off 20 per cent. of the bill—and that's the best I could do."

Naturally, we three all fell upon Wilson for so signally failing in his mission—though it was only just what one would have expected from him. After I had poured out the vials of my wrath upon his head, he mildly turned to me, saying:

"Well, my dear fellow, why don't *you* go to the manager and have a try?"

I drew myself up haughtily, and replied:

"No—it was *you*, who, at the crucial moment, stepped into the breach—*you* who arrogated to yourself the proud position of spokesman for Crogger, Prowle, & Co.'s band of travellers—you *would* do it, and this is the result!"

"Yes, this is the result!" chorused the other two in righteous indignation.

We paid the exorbitant hotel bill—less the 20 per cent.—and sadly made for the railway station, where we passed most of the day sitting on our scanty luggage and gnawing German sausage till the boat train was ready to start. By great good fortune we had a calm passage across from Rotterdam, and thus escaped the horrors we had endured upon the outward trip—and the very next time we four met again at the office we (in the temporary absence of old Sniffins, the head clerk) discussed our unpleasant experiences, not forgetting to remind Wilson that he had really been the active cause of our premature return without having seen either Antwerp or Ostend.

Simmons read it first—then he handed it to Bates.

A Day As Orderly Officer

How I Spend a very Well-filled Day Superintending and Inspecting all that Happens in Barracks.

By "Khaki."

"Half-past six, sir, and you're orderly officer to-day," says the faithful Brown, my servant, as he enters my room, and I, consigning everything and everybody to a warmer climate, once more turn on my side and doze.

"Twenty-five minutes to seven, sir," says Brown, coming in again, "and the adjutant will be on parade this morning." So I dash out of bed, and after a hasty dip in a cold bath, and an equally hasty shave, start throwing on my clothes, with many anathemas on the War Office for the introduction of lace-boots and putties in place of wellingtons and overalls, and rush downstairs, buckling on my Sam Brown belt and sword as I go, to find I have three minutes to spare.

As I reach the barrack-square, I find a crowd of soldiers waiting, and the sergeant-major, monarch of all he surveys, walking up and down, and glancing at the clock. "Good morning, sergeant-major." "Good morning, sir," as he draws himself up with a magnificent salute, and continues his brisk walk up and down.

As the hands of the clock draw near to seven, the sergeant-major "falls in" the "parade."

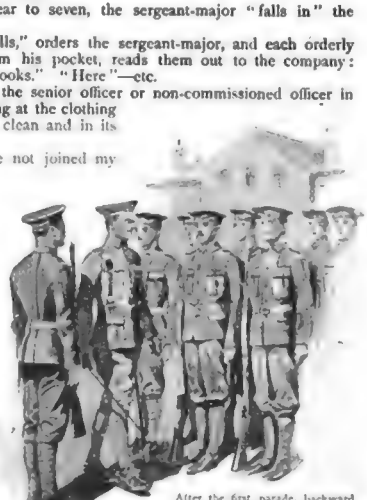
"Parade—stand at ease—call the rolls," orders the sergeant-major, and each orderly sergeant, producing a list of names from his pocket, reads them out to the company: "Private Jones." "Here." "Private Snooks." "Here"—etc.

Then the company is inspected by the senior officer or non-commissioned officer in charge, who walks along the ranks, looking at the clothing and equipment to see that everything is clean and in its right place, finally inspecting the rifles.

Meanwhile I, as orderly officer, have not joined my company, but have been walking about trying to get warm, and feeling, if I have only lately joined, very important; but if I have had a little experience, very "fed up."

This parade, known as the "Rouse Parade," usually starts, in the winter months, with a double round lasting about ten minutes, after which there is generally physical drill, or bayonet exercise, or perhaps recruits' drill for the backward squads.

At a quarter to eight, if I am senior officer on parade, I tell the sergeant-major to dismiss, whereon he blows his whistle, and the men at once fall out and go off the parade ground, whilst I hurry round to the cook-house, just as the bugle sounds the breakfast call, and, meeting the battalion orderly sergeant and orderly



After the first parade, backward recruits are sometimes drilled.

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corporal, we wait together whilst the breakfasts are drawn, the orderly men from each room coming down to fetch the tea, which is made in large pails with milk and sugar in it, and also any hot extras which may have been in the diet sheet for the day, such as bacon or kippers. Bread, butter, and anything cold, such as brawn or jam, have been drawn the day before and kept in the barrack room.

When all the companies have drawn their breakfasts, I send the battalion orderly sergeant round one half the barracks, whilst I, with the orderly corporal, go round the other half; and, going to the door of each room, the orderly corporal having ordered silence, I shout "Any complaints?" to which there is a general chorus of "None, sir."

When this is finished and I have received the report of the battalion orderly sergeant, I am free to partake of my own breakfast, so double off to the mess, only too glad to get to the welcome ante-room fire, where, having ordered my breakfast, I read the letters which I find waiting for me in the letter-rack.

The Orderly Officer meets his comrades in the mess or ante-room before breakfast.

As it is early the probability is that the mess-room is empty, but soon other subalterns begin to put in an appearance. Here comes the last-joined subaltern, still rather shy and quiet (but this will not last long); then in comes one of our sporting representatives dressed in immaculate hunting kit, he having got "hunting leave" for the day—rather galling to the orderly officer, who is not allowed to get out of uniform or leave barracks for the next twenty-four hours. "X," who prides himself on "seeing life," feebly calls for a milk and soda and a bit of toast, that being all the breakfast he feels inclined for, and so on till most of my brother officers, except the very laziest, are assembled.

After breakfast, just time for one cigarette, and a look at the morning paper, then off to see the bread and meat rations issued.

Outside the bread and meat stores the battalion orderly sergeant has drawn up the orderly men from each company, every man carrying a ration dish. As I approach he calls them to attention, and, saluting, reports "All present."

Inside the meat store butchers have cut up the meat according to the number of rations indented for by the quartermaster. All being ready, the quartermaster-sergeant calls up each company in turn. Each man receives the amount of meat issued for his mess or barrack room, after it has been again weighed in front of him by the butcher, and each company orderly corporal reports to me "rations correct" as his men file out. The men then carry the meat to the cookhouse, where the company cooks, under the superintendence of the sergeant-cook, at once commence cutting it up and preparing it for the dinners. The same procedure is then gone through with the bread, only it is taken back to, and kept in, the barrack room.

By this time, it is nearly a quarter past nine, so I dash off for guard-mounting parade. This ceremony is usually conducted by the adjutant, though sometimes he deputes the orderly officer to do it for him.

It consists of a most careful inspection of the men, prior to their going on guard, the most scrupulous cleanliness being exacted for this duty, so that the men may do credit to their regiment. The rifles are inspected to see that they are clean and not loaded, and finally the pouches are examined to see that they are empty before the ball ammunition is issued.

This being done, and the guards officially reported by the sergeant-major as "present and correct," they are marched off to their various posts, and I then have to wait about to dismiss the guards on their return to barracks after relief. This operation is just the opposite to guard-mounting. The men now go off for a well-earned rest, and I return to my quarters or to the ante-room, to await the next event of the day, which is "office," or what is commonly called "orderly-room," at ten o'clock.

On the bugle sounding "orderly-room," a change comes over the hitherto peaceful

barracks. Orderlies fly about to find their company officers, and bring them papers to sign; company officers fly about with their company defaulter sheets under their arms, in search of someone else; and finally everyone concerned comes to rest in front of the orderly-room.

Here, in a row, are the prisoners "to go in front" of the colonel "to be told off" for offences that are considered too serious to be disposed of by the company officer.

The orderly-room itself is an ordinary bare room, with two green baize-covered, paper-strewn tables, one for the colonel, and one for the adjutant; and here as orderly officer I take my place behind the colonel during the ceremony of disposal of prisoners.

All being ready, the sergeant-major marches them in one at a time, thus: "Private Snooks! Cap off! Quick march! Halt! Right turn!" And, then to the colonel: "Private Snooks, sir." Private Snooks, looking rather uncomfortable, stands there between two men with drawn bayonets.

Orderly-room, at ten a.m. A defaulter brought up before the Colonel.

The commanding officer, glancing at his report, reads out: "Private Snooks. Creating a disturbance in the barrack-room." Then the witnesses are marched in, in a similar way, only without removing their caps. Privates Jones and Brown both depose that they were awakened about midnight and found Private Snooks fighting on the floor with Private Robinson.

Private Snooks, on being asked what he has to say, probably replies that "he had had a drop o' beer, that, not being used to liquor, it had gone to his head, and that he is very sorry, etc." If his defaulter-sheet shows that he is a good, steady man, he may get off with an "admonished" or a few days' confinement to barracks. But if, on the other hand, it happens that he has a long sheet, and has often been before the colonel previously, he will probably be more severely dealt with.

And so the list goes on. Some have perhaps been drunk in the town; some continually inattentive on parade; some have disobeyed an order. They are all quickly disposed of by the colonel, who either imposes punishment himself, if satisfied of their guilt, or remands them for court-martial, if the offence is a really serious one.

After the prisoners have all been disposed of, there is generally someone who wants to see the colonel, or someone whom the colonel wants to see, and when all this is finished, everyone is dismissed, and I seize the opportunity of a few spare moments to visit the regimental institutes; that is to say, I make a tour of barracks, and visit the pioneers', armourers', shoe-makers', and tailors' shops, the canteen, stables, cookhouse, wash-house, bath-rooms, library, recreation room, etc.—the man in charge of each reporting "all correct" to me as I come in.

It is now eleven o'clock, so I repair to my company barrack-rooms, and, accompanied by my colour-sergeant, inspect each room, the wash-house, etc., to see that everything is clean and tidy, and after doing a little company work, such as examining and signing diet sheets and different returns, it is time to go out for the eleven-thirty musketry parade, stopping a minute *en route* to turn out the regimental quarter guard. The sentry on seeing me coming shouts: "Guard turn out"; and having inspected and dismissed the guard, I direct the sentry to tell me his orders, which he is supposed to know by heart. These are usually the same on most guards, such as, for example:—

"Take charge of all Government property in view of my post."

"Walk up and down in a brisk and soldierly manner."

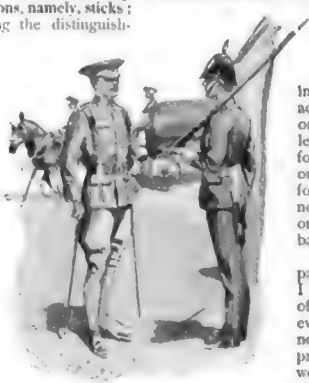
"Pay proper compliments to all officers according to rank," etc., etc.

Very simple they seem, but one sometimes hears most ludicrous mistakes made by Tommy, generally, it must be said, through nervousness.

Having, if there are any prisoners confined

in the cells or guard-room, visited and asked them if they have any complaints, that duty is finished for the day, and I find myself just in time for the eleven-thirty parade. I might add here, that the orderly officer has to turn the guard out once by day and once by night; but he may not turn them out till one hour after they have been mounted, nor yet between the hours of one and two p.m.; and at night, he must not turn them out earlier than eleven p.m. or later than reveillé.

At eleven-thirty the procedure before parade is the same as I have described for the "rouse" parade, with the exception that all the company officers are present, armed only with more peaceable weapons, namely, sticks; the sword and belt being the distinguishing mark of the unfortunate orderly officer. This parade is occupied in the practice of musketry, each company being broken up into squads of about ten men, each squad being under the command of a non-commissioned officer.



The Orderly Officer directs the sentry to repeat his orders, which he is supposed to know by heart.

However, even parade comes to an end, and at half-past twelve I have just time to hurry to the ante-room, for a cigarette and a chat, only to be interrupted after a quarter of an hour by the inexorable bugle, sounding the dinner call, to which Tommy has put the celebrated lines, "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up, hot potatoes, hot potatoes, oh!" So again I journey out to the cookhouse, and, as at breakfast, watch the drawing of the dinners by the company orderly men—and very appetising they look. Some companies are having baked meat and Yorkshire pudding, some sea pie and vegetables, some curry, some stew, and sometimes a very filling-looking plum duff.

Then comes the visit to the barrack rooms again. Occasionally, but very seldom, there may be a complaint, the meat being too bony or boiled to rags, or some real or imaginary grievance, which calls for the display of a certain amount of tact by the orderly officer. It should be mentioned that all the regimental cooking is managed by a sergeant master-cook, who has qualified at the cookery school at Aldershot, with two men drawn from each company, who probably know nothing whatever about cooking, the result being most satisfactory, and highly creditable, considering the unskilled labour.

I now go to my fairly well-earned lunch, which is generally a very cheery meal, everyone being satisfied with themselves for having broken the back of their day's work.

After lunch there is a general adjournment to the ante-room, where, with luck, I manage to cut into a rubber of bridge. But at two o'clock, there is a general move; those who have nothing more to do either going to change, or sitting comfortably and making sarcastic remarks to their wretched brother officers who have still some unpleasant duties to perform, such as paying their companies and wading through pages of accounts; or delivering or hearing delivered a lecture. But I, the unfortunate, again girding on belt and sword, sally forth to attend the afternoon parade—generally only for recruits or backward men.

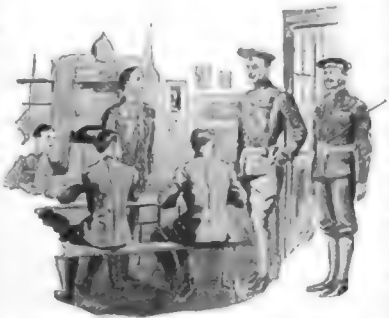
At three o'clock the parade is dismissed, and I retire to the privacy of my quarters, though even now my time is not my own, as there is probably much company work for me to do, such as going through the accounts, or drawing up and checking some of the numberless returns, with which the British officer's life is made a burden; or preparing a scheme of work for my company for the next week; or getting ready a lecture to give to my men the next day.

Anyhow, it is highly probable that I am kept hard at work at my desk until the ration bugle sounding at four o'clock comes as a not unwelcome relief, and I go down to the cookhouse to find all the orderly men drawn up carrying their ration dishes, and also the dishes in which the dinners have been cooked and carried to the barrack-rooms. These I inspect to see that they are clean; they are then carried into the cookhouse to wait in readiness for the dinners the next day. The men are then marched round to the grocery bar, where the grocery rations are issued,

At 4.30 "retreat" sounds; this is a movable ceremony, it being supposed to sound at sunset, so varies from about four to seven o'clock.

At retreat the barracks are closed, not to be opened again, except for the passage of vehicles, until reveillé the next morning, foot passengers using the small wicket gate at the side. The piquet is also mounted and inspected by the orderly officer. This consists of a certain number of men detailed every day, and supposed to be under command of the orderly officer, to go out at a minute's notice to quell any disturbance connected with the military.

Having inspected and dismissed the piquet, I am now free, so proceed to the ante-room and have a quiet cup of tea and look at the papers or read a book, or perhaps have a quiet game of billiards or pool; and at half-past seven the bugle sounds the "dress for mess." This I always think one of the pleasantest times of the day for the wretched orderly officer. I go to my quarters, and find my faithful Brown has laid out my mess kit, etc., and that a bath is waiting invitingly for me in front of my fire, so with a pleasant feeling of being at peace with the world and myself, I proceed to change leisurely and array myself in my best, for to-night is a regimental guest night.



The dinner-time visit to the barrack-rooms. "Any complaints?"

While I am dressing, my neighbours drop in, and we talk over the events of the day; and at a few minutes before eight I saunter down to the ante-room, to find, as it is a "big night," the colonel and all the married officers assembled, and certain of my brother officers waiting to greet their guests, who immediately on arrival are introduced to the colonel or senior officer present, and rushed off to have sherry and bitters, or something similar, before dinner.

At eight punctually the bugle sounds the officers' mess call: "Officers' wives have puddings and pies, but sergeants' wives have skilly"—quite untrue, but still——

The mess sergeant, in immaculate evening dress, throws open the mess-room door and announces dinner, whereupon the colonel conducts his own or the senior guest into dinner, the rest following more or less in order of seniority, the band outside playing "The Roast Beef of Old England."

A guest night dinner is generally rather a prolonged affair, the liveliness of the junior subalterns at one end of the table increasing by degrees, and culminating in a few more or less stifled war-whoops as the band plays selections from some popular musical comedy.

When the table has been cleared after the savoury, and dessert handed round, the mess-sergeant and his immediate subordinate bring in the decanters of wine, port, Marsala, and Madeira, of which one decanter of each is placed before the president and the vice-president, who are sitting at opposite ends of the table.

At a nod from the former these are passed round, each diner helping himself to which he likes, when, everyone being helped, the president, rapping on the table, rises to his feet—everyone else having risen also in silence—he raises his glass and says: "Mr. Vice—the King!" whereupon Mr. Vice, also raising his glass, replies: "Gentlemen — the King!" The band plays the first three bars of "God Save the King," and everyone, raising their glass, drinks, ejaculating: "The King!" or "The King, God bless him!" subsiding back on their seats and bursting into conversation with renewed vigour.

After the wine and cigarettes have been round twice, the bandmaster is generally brought in and, seated beside the colonel, drinks a glass of port, the conversation meanwhile taking a musical turn, the poor man being bombarded with requests to play some special selection. After the bandmaster has made a graceful exit, coffee and liqueurs are brought round, and soon a general move is made to the ante-room,

where perhaps a couple of rubbers of bridge are made up.

Meanwhile, I am not allowed to forget my duties, the bugle at a quarter to ten sounding the "fall in for staff parade," so, proceeding to my quarters, I again buckle on my sword, and leisurely stroll out to the guard-room, just as the bugle sounds the melancholy "last post."

Here the sergeant-major "collects the reports" from all the company orderly sergeants, and informs me that the canteen is "closed and correct," and also how many men are absent, at the same time handing me a slip of paper with the name, company, and date of absence of each "absentee."

For the ten minutes or so remaining it is not worth going back to the mess, so I stroll round barracks, until at a quarter past ten the bugles sound "lights out," and the battalion orderly sergeant, having reported to me "All lights out," I wish him good-night, and return to the ante-room to resume my interrupted rubber of bridge.

About 12.30, most of the guests having retired, I sally forth for the last time and turn out the guard; the procedure being the same as I described as taking place in the morning.

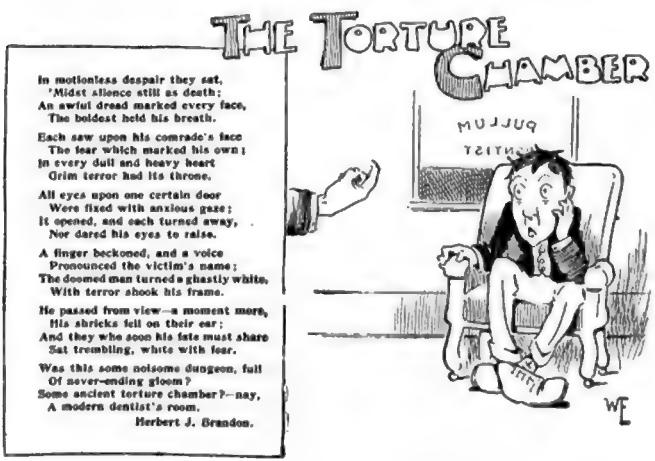
Many stories are told of orderly officers, turning out the guard on guest night, after dining not wisely but too well. There is a legend of an orderly officer who, having slightly overstepped the mark during the evening, forgot he *was* orderly officer, and, being reminded of the fact by some of his friends just as he was getting into bed, proceeded with due solemnity to visit the guard arrayed in pyjamas, an overcoat, a bowler hat, with his Sam Brown belt and sword strapped over the overcoat, and then threatened the commander of the guard with some terrible punishment for smiling.

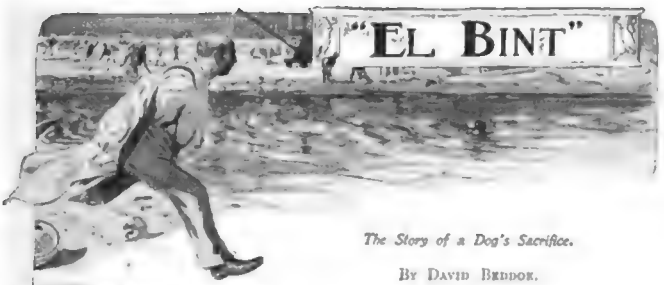
However, I, having kept within bounds, thankfully perform this final duty for the day, and retire to my quarters and to bed.

As I think over the day that has ended I cannot help murmuring the subaltern's prayer:

"Heaven help the poor people who write to the papers that the British subaltern is overpaid and underworked."

(This is the First of a new Series of Articles on a Day in the Life of various People whose duties are little known to the General Public. Next month a Police Inspector will Describe a Day in his Life.)


THE TORTURE CHAMBER
In motionless despair they sat,
'Midst silence still as death;
An awful dread marked every face,
The boldest held his breath.
Each saw upon his comrade's face
The fear which marked his own;
In every dull and heavy heart
Grim terror had its throne.
All eyes upon one certain door
Were fixed with anxious gaze;
It opened, and each turned away,
Nor dared his eyes to raise.
A finger beckoned, and a voice
Pronounced the victim's name;
The doomed man turned a ghastly white,
With terror shook his frame.
He passed from view—a moment more,
His shrieks fell on their ear;
And they who soon his fate must share
Sat trembling, white with fear.
Was this some noisome dungeon, full
Of never-ending gloom?
Some ancient torture chamber?—nay,
A modern dentist's room.
Herbert J. Brandon.
WE



"EL BINT"

The Story of a Dog's Sacrifice.

By David Beddor.

IN the early days of the British occupation of Egypt, a man was engaged in canal cutting near the village of Kom el Saieed, in the Delta.

He was a fat, ungainly, red-faced Englishman, whose language was as strong as his hand was heavy, and he drove the 300 natives whom the Corvée had placed under his guidance with a persistency that led them not inappropriately to nickname him "Abu Khorbag"—the father of whips. He lived alone in a wooden shanty which, placed on a hillock near the canal head, overlooked the line of work and the group of mud huts that made upthe village of Kom el Saieed.

It was not a billet that any man would have taken from choice—out in the air from sunrise to sunset, the interminable wranglings with the natives, the lack of efficient assistants—for the exchequer of Egypt was bankrupt, and the bondholders had her by the throat—the indifferent food of an Egyptian village, but above all the horrible loneliness which pressed on one's mind like a nightmare.

But it was not choice which had led this man to take up this billet of fifteen pounds a month, vice one, John Grey, found drowned in the canal.

Ever since the ship upon which he had acted temporarily as third engineer had been paid off at Alexandria, and his money squandered in one drinking shop and another, penniless and down at heel he had roamed for more weeks than he cared to remember in the town of of Alexandria, seeking work.

He had tried many things in his time, and had been a failure at most, his cross-grained temper and love of strong drink having lost him many a good billet. This was the first, however, that he had had to run on his own, and the man had risen to it, displaying an energy and capacity that surprised no one more than it did himself. With a certain native shrewdness he grasped the possibilities that lay for such a one as himself in this undeveloped country of Egypt, where the land wanted but water to increase in value by leaps and bounds.

He was a man of convivial soul, and the loneliness of his lot ate like a canker into his brain.

With the fellaheen he held no intercourse, for he had some queer sense of race privilege, and Antonio, his Italian assistant, lived with his wife at the far end of the village. As for the English engineer, he paid but brief and occasional visits, asking a few questions here, giving a few directions there, then shaking the dust of this desolate place from off his feet.

The days with their movement and work passed well enough, but when the natives, shouldering their picks, had scattered for the night, and Antonio, with a brief "Good evening, signor," had moved off to his home, reluctant and heavy-footed he would make his way towards the hut.

At first he beguiled the time writing his reports, which he did with all the thoroughness that belonged to novelty. But he soon wearied of this, and would sit for hours crouched up in his chair, whilst outside the crickets chirped in the garden, the frogs croaked in

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the neighbouring marsh, and the monotonous beating of tom-toms came from the distant village.

Other men had lived this life before. Some of them had fled. One, his predecessor, had ended it in the canal. Nearly all of them had sought oblivion in the bottle.

And this man, having no good resolutions to overcome, went the same way, only in less time.

The reports that he had once taken a pride in doing now grew more infrequent and disjointed, and his conversations with Antonio regarding the price of land and his hopes of obtaining some grew less as he complained more of his present lot.

He made no effort to throw off the grip that was tightening upon him; once his lonely dinner was finished, he called for his absinthe which he obtained from one, Constantinides, who kept a café near the village, and over it he would sit until long after the tom-toms had ceased their beating and the village of Kom el Saieed was wrapped in slumber.

It was thus that the irrigation engineer found him at daybreak one morning as he passed through the village on his way to a distant inspection, and he shrugged his shoulders as he saw him. This, then, was the reason for the scrappy and belated reports. It was only a too common story, but he muttered a word of regret, for the man had done good work, and he had had it in his mind to move him to a better post later on. But now, shrugging his shoulders, he passed out without waking him.

That night, as the man made his way home along the canal bank, irritable and sore in mind, for his servant had told him of the inspector's visit, his *suffragi* came to meet him carrying a letter in his hand. An English *ach-a-waga* had come and gone, leaving this note for the *Moufettish*.

"Gone!" burst out the other disappointedly. "Gone!" he complained again, for he was hungry for company.

"He has left a dog for you, Effendi."

"A dog; the deuce take his cheek. Why should I keep his dog? Go and throw it into the canal."

The Arab grinned with satisfaction.

"*Hadir* (ready), he bit me. See the mark, Effendi!" and he raised the skirt of his *gallibeah* to display a few punctured marks on his leg.

"Oh! he bit you, did he?" replied the other grimly. "Then wait a moment," and he tore the note open.

It was from an engineer engaged on railway construction, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, and who, after apologising for his inability to wait, explained that he was on a tour of surveying, and as he was unable to take his dog with him he had taken the liberty to leave it for the *Moufettish* in the hut; that, if the latter liked, he could keep it for good, but if not he could dispose of it as he pleased, and, he added, "It's not much more than a puppy, and is, I believe, very well bred. I got it from a sailor in Alexandria."

"Like his cheek to land me with the beastly thing. I'll drown the brute," he murmured sullenly.

When he reached the hut he found the dog tied up to the leg of the table. At the sound of his footstep it turned and barked vigorously.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the man irritably as he kicked at it. The dog turned, and in an instant its teeth closed in the other's trousers. With an oath he tore his leg away, and, snatching up a heavy stick, he raised it in the air; but the dog faced him, growling savagely as it tugged at the cord.

For an instant they glared at one another; then the man, with a laugh, threw the stick down.

"You are a game little beast, anyway," he exclaimed.

Had it cowered or turned tail he would have split its skull with the stick, but the pugnacious spirit seemed to have found an echo in the man's mind, for, going out, he presently returned with a bone, which he flung towards it; then stood near by, examining it critically, whilst the dog, as it gnawed the bone, watched him warily.

It was a fine little fox-terrier, three-parts grown. Not a spot disfigured its smooth, white coat, not a break in the even black and tan marking of its head, and, as he observed the deep-seated, intelligent eyes, the long, shapely muzzle, it did not need a keener eye than that of this fat, ungainly *Moufettish* to know that what the railway engineer had said about its breed was true.

The evening passed as many more had done, with pipe and absinthe, save that once he rose stiffly, and, slipping the rope from off the dog's neck, he took it out for a run in the garden.

During the night, the dog, wanting company, crawled up under the mosquito net, and, nuzzling down at the foot of the bed, slept.

In the early morning the man awoke with a start, and a half-suppressed yell broke from

his lips as he jumped hurriedly into a sitting posture. His drink-sodden nerves were not proof against any sudden shock, but it was only the dog which was playing with his tousled hair.

He stared at it stupidly for a moment, then as he realised what it was, he laughed in his delight, whilst it barked at him from the foot of the bed.

Later on, he took it to work with him, and shrieked with laughter as it snapped at the heels of the workmen, and twenty times that day, missing it, he would send a native to find it.

And, after some grave conversation that night with his *suffragi*, he christened it in a bucket of water, calling it "El Bint" (the girl).

It grew at last to be his inseparable companion, trotting by his side at the works during the day, and sleeping at the foot of his bed by night. It was doubtful which was the more uneasy, the man or the dog, if the other was out of sight.

Once a native threw a stone at it, but neither he nor his kind ever did it again, for a heavy fist sent him rolling down the embankment, whilst two broken teeth ever after reminded him of a fox-terrier dog and a fat, angry Englishman.

And after dinner he would talk to it by the hour, and teach it tricks. Often he might have been seen of an evening pouring a bucketful of water into a rat hole, with the terrier, trembling with eagerness, standing over it, watching for the rat to bolt.

It happened one day when the sluice had been opened, and the canal, brim high, was running furiously with the turgid, dark brown water, whilst El Bint somewhere about was chasing the rats which scuttled around, being driven from their fastnesses by the rising water, that Antonio came running up.

"The lil dog, she fall in the water."

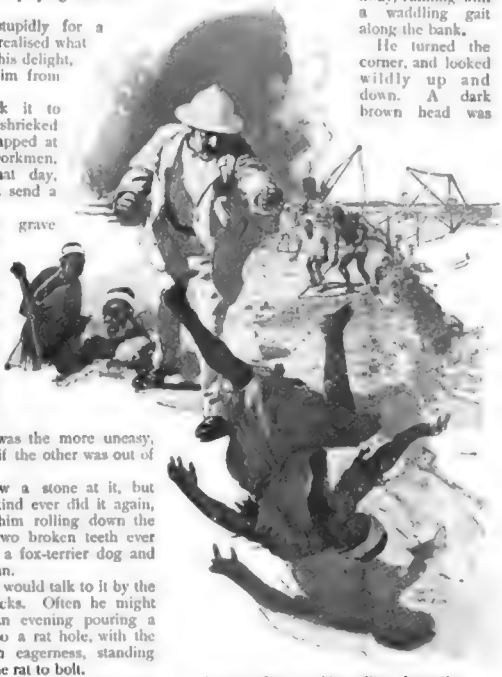
The fat man stopped suddenly in his orders.

"What?"

"The lil dog"—and he pointed excitedly to where the canal, bending round at a sharp angle, was hidden from sight by a cluster of mimosa trees—"the lil"——

But he said no more, for the fat man was away, running with a waddling gait along the bank.

He turned the corner, and looked wildly up and down. A dark brown head was being swirled down the water like a piece of cork.



A heavy fist sent him rolling down the embankment.

"El Bint! El Bint!"

A snort and a yap were the only answer, as the little dog, at the sound of its master's hoarse voice, turned its head and tried with a gallant but hopeless effort to stem the current. A huge sun helmet went down on to the dust heaps, and the fat man running along the bank tugged furiously at his long alpaca coat. Then a heavy plunge from the

bank; he had not dived, he had flung himself into the swirling waters, and with heavy, floundering strokes he swam to where the brown head was all that was to be seen of his dog.

A blind clutch, and he gripped it by the back in one huge hand; then gasping, floundering, spluttering, he was carried down to where a branch of a mimosa tree overhung the bank.

He grabbed it convulsively until the natives, who, jabbering and shouting, had run along after him, pulled him out, and laid him on the bank, where, fainting, and half-drowned, he lay with his head on his bent elbow.

He came to presently, to find a group of natives looking helplessly at him, Antonio patting him encouragingly on the shoulder, and the little dog licking his face.

Then sitting up, he cursed them between his fits of coughing. One brought him his coat, another his hat, and Antonio, clapping him on the back, exclaimed: "Bravo, bravo! you have saved the lil dog. It was magnificent, it was — —"

"Shut up!" was the discourteous reply, and he lurched off to the hut to change, with El Bint running beside him, snapping at his soaked trousers. After that his bond of attachment to his dog became closer, if possible, than ever. It stood as a living embodiment of his self-respect, of an act that he had never before conceived himself capable of. His dog was the first thing he thought of in the morning, and the last thing at night, and to it he poured out, as lonely men will, all his hopes and ambitions, to all of which El Bint would listen, looking up with quick, intelligent eyes into the heavy, sun-tanned face.

It was some months after El Bint had entered his life that Antonio came to him one day, during a lull in the work, saying: "Signor, will you lend me your gun?"

"What for? Do you want to commit suicide, or what?" growled out the other.

The Italian grinned; it was only the Englishman's way.

"There is a mad dog about the village, a cur, and 'tis well not to have such running loose; he might bite some of us. I saw a man before you came who was bitten by one, and Sapristi! I want to see no more." And Antonio shuddered at the recollection.

"A mad dog! There are always mad dogs about this beastly country. But take the gun; he might bite El Bint."

"Ah, yes, the lil dog; it was always the lil dog with the *Mouffetlish*!"

Late that afternoon the latter was superintending some masonry near the canal head to which Antonio had called his attention, and throwing off his coat he had clambered down the side, when suddenly there was a stampede amongst the natives, whilst Antonio, snatching a crowbar from the hand of one of them, jumped on to a baulk of timber as he shouted out his warnings to the man below.

The latter looked up. A great, hungry pariah dog, yellow and gaunt, and foaming at the mouth, was coming shambling along, biting imaginary objects as it came.

The man glanced quickly around. There was no time to clamber up. He was cornered, and the dog, catching sight of him, turned from its course, and with bared teeth made straight for him.

Antonio flung the crowbar and missed. Another instant and the yellow fangs would have been sunk in the *Mouffetlish's* arm, when like a flash a small, sinewy body dashed in between them. A spring, and fox-terrier and pariah, struggling, fighting, writhing, went tumbling over and down the embankment.

The man rushed after them, and, picking up a huge stone, brought it down with a crash on the skull of the pariah, which, with a shiver, turned over, dead.

He picked up El Bint, who, bleeding profusely from several wounds, nevertheless struggled to get again at the pariah.

"Ah, the brave dog! Brave El Bint!" exclaimed Antonio, "she came in time. "Another instant, signor, and it would have had you."

"But it has bitten my dog. See, Antonio, the marks!" And, holding El Bint firmly, he turned her round and round.

"Ay, the lil dog, signor, she has given her life for yours," replied the Italian gravely.

The man's heavy red face grew whiter as he huskily replied: "You think, then that she will go mad, Antonio?"

The Italian did not reply.

"Come, I will take her home," and carrying El Bint in his arms, he went away.

During the days that followed, the fat *Mouffetlish* went about gloomy and preoccupied. El Bint was fast recovering from her wounds, but the man grew more morose day by day.

He realised the condition of things, but shirked the issue.

Already the natives gave the dog a wide

berth, and even Antonio kept an anxious eye upon her when she drew near; but the man himself slept with her on his bed, and fondled her with, if anything, a greater tenderness.

But one day, after a talk with Antonio, he wrote to a man he knew of in Cairo, a veterinary surgeon, and, putting the facts before him, asked his advice. When the reply came, which it did in a few days, he tore it open with a shaky hand.

Whatever hopes he may have entertained were dashed to the ground; for brief and uncompromising was the nature of its contents: "*Poison the dog—the sooner the better.*"

"Poison the dog!" burst out the other furiously. "All very fine to say poison the dog. 'Tisn't his dog, or he wouldn't be so very smart about it." And going out on to the step of his hut, he expressed in lurid and picturesque language his opinions of veterinary surgeons in general.

Nevertheless, on the morrow he sent his servant into Tantah with a note to a German chemist who lived there, asking him to "send him some poison for a dog—something that would not hurt." But when it came, he only threw it with a muttered oath into a drawer.

Every morning he said: "I will do it to-day"; but every night as he sat down to his dinner, he murmured, "to-morrow, I will do it to-morrow," until one day, on rising and calling the dog, which lay, as usual, at the foot of his bed, she rose sluggishly; then, lying down again, looked at him with dull eyes.

He patted her gently.

"What is the matter, old girl?"

She only whined slowly, and the man, silent and anxious-looking, lifted her out. Then, filling his soap-dish with water, he placed it in front of her.

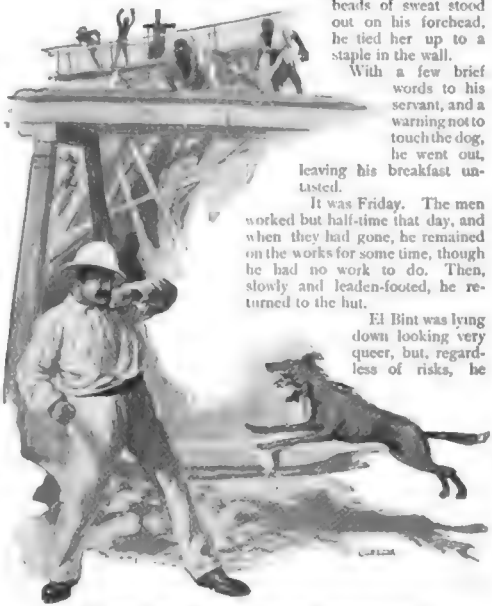
She lapped a few times, seeming to swallow with difficulty, then turned away.

The man's red face turned grey. "She has it," he whispered; and, whilst the heavy beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, he tied her up to a staple in the wall.

With a few brief words to his servant, and a warning not to touch the dog, he went out, leaving his breakfast untasted.

It was Friday. The men worked but half-time that day, and when they had gone, he remained on the works for some time, though he had no work to do. Then, slowly and leaden-footed, he returned to the hut.

El Bint was lying down looking very queer, but, regardless of risks, he stooped down, and, patting her lovingly, spoke tender words.



Like a flash a small, sinewy body dashed in between them.

Taking out his jack-knife, he cut a piece of meat from a shoulder of mutton which lay on his table and proceeded to bore a hole in it. Into this he poured the contents of the packet which the Tantah chemist had sent him. Then, squeezing the whole between his thumb and finger, he rolled it up into a lump.

For a moment he stood irresolute. Then,

calling the dog's attention, he nervously held it out towards her. The beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"I can't, I can't," he burst out. "Here, Hassan!" he shouted.

The *suffragi* came in at the call. "Give this to El Bint."

The native looked at him intelligently. "*Feeh simm?*" he inquired.

"Yes, you *magnoon*. 'Tis poison. Give it to El Bint." And rising to his feet, he went out hurriedly, where he stood on the step mopping his brow.

Then, quicker almost than he went out, he hurried back. No dirty native should poison his dog. By his own hand only should she die; and he entered the room just in time to snatch the meat from the hand of his servant.

"Here, Binty!" and steadily he laid it before his dog.

She snapped it up, and gulped it down. . . . A sudden stiffening of the comely limbs, a faint yap, a convulsive struggle, and El Bint sank to the ground; a long shiver, and all was over—save for the heavy sobs of the man, and the sound of a closing door, as the servant went out to tell this strange thing to the cook.

In the dusk of the day, whilst the sparrows chirped loudly amongst the trees in the wild, luxuriant garden, and the sun sank blood-red over the cultivated lands of the Delta, the man sat alone in his room.

On the table before him was a bottle of absinthe, and, on the floor where it had fallen, there lay the shapely body of his dog, yet untouched.

The servant bringing in a *goolah* of water stood irresolutely before the table.

The man looked up, his eyes bloodshot and lowering.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing; but the Greeky, he say you not have *nebeet* for a long time, and he gib me the *hisab*."

"Put it down."

The servant laid the scrap of dirty paper which did duty for the bill upon the table and went hurriedly out. He did not like the look on the *Moufettish's* face.

The latter half filled a glass with the liquor. Already the faint whiff of it reached his nostrils. He raised the glass to his waiting lips, then slowly laid it down again.

What was it that the Greek had said about its being a long time since he had last had any? How long was it? Six months!

Why, that was when El Bint had first come into his life!

He had never given it a thought until now. But there was the fact; the dog had turned the absinthe out. And now that the dog was dead the absinthe had come in again. Crouched up in his chair he sat staring abstractedly before him.

For an hour he sat thus, and Hassan, his servant, coming in, marvelled why the absinthe was yet untasted and the man so silent.

The brooding man realised it fully now. It had been the dog against the absinthe, the dog against the loss of his self-respect, his position, his soul; and now the dog was dead, defeated after all . . . . defeated, his dog! The man's surly spirit rose rebelliously. No, by Heaven! not defeated yet! His dog had given her life for him—he would not make the sacrifice a mockery. And, rising with a quiet and grim resolution, he threw the absinthe, glass and all, out into the garden.

Then, returning, he picked up the lifeless body of El Bint, and carried it tenderly in his arms down the moonlit garden to a secluded spot, where an orange tree was heavy with fruit.

And there he dug a deep hole in the ground, deeper than they dig in Egypt for human beings, and into it he laid the body of his dog, and going into the house again, he brought out his absinthe bottles, and with the solemn air of a man laying his gifts before the high altar, he placed them beside the white, shapely form.

For a moment, ungainly and rugged, he stood looking down, his lips moving as if in prayer; then softly he laid the earth back again, spadeful by spadeful, whilst, unrestrained, the tears followed one another down his red, heavy cheeks.

No stone marks the spot, and the hut is used to this day as a rest house by the inspectors of the interior. But a fat, grey-haired man, the owner of more square miles of Egyptian soil than possibly any Englishman in the land of the Pharaohs, never arrives within a day's ride of the village of Kom el Saieed without coming over to stand bareheaded by the grave of a fox-terrier dog, to which he owes more than his 10,000 *feddans* of land.

All About Asses.

By John Glenfield.

He looks feeble and stupid, but he must not be judged by his appearance.

As regards strength, he is, bulk for bulk, far more powerful than the horse, and he surpasses his more stately relative in intelligence as well. Any animal trainer will tell you that it is possible to teach a donkey things a horse could never be made to understand; there are some even who allege that Neddy possesses reasoning powers, and it is certainly hard to decide in the case of a trick donkey where mere practice ends and brain-work begins. That is why circus people regard him as such a firm friend and ally.

Moreover, his quaint appearance never fails to arouse a laugh, and he has the enormous advantage of being absolutely immune from stage fright. The sea of gazing faces, the glint of a thousand lights, will make a horse forget what is required of him, but the humble donkey is always reliable.

Though the donkey does not in the least object to being looked at, there are some things that he strongly dislikes. For instance, he hates to approach running water, and it is generally difficult to make him cross a bridge, while to induce him to wade through a ford is almost impossible.

The explanation of this, improbable as it may seem, is that the ass originally belonged to the south-east of Egypt. The rivers there are infested with crocodiles, and, like the natives of the same country, these animals consider the flesh of the wild ass to make the very finest of eating. That is why the donkey had to be wary in approaching running water at all, for he knew that his nose was likely at any moment to be seized by the jaws of a crocodile.

In this way he had to develop the faculty of quenching his thirst at any brackish pool, and he still chooses that in preference to the finest running water.

Photo. Charles Reid.

Homely types—the crofter and his "moke."

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Another advantage the donkey has over the horse is that he can be kept for sixpence a day, or even less when times are hard. Moreover, he does not require the same amount of grooming, for his skin, even under the most unfavourable conditions, will always be found white and free from parasites. He can eat and enjoy what a horse has left over Husks are dainties to him, for his mouth is hard, and he has no difficulty in chewing them, while his digestion is strong enough to tackle anything that can be swallowed.

For two days, or longer at a pinch, the donkey can do without water; and even when he is in a lush pasture, with a tempting pool beside him, he will drink very little.

stated that one nervous patient, on recovering his strength and examining the label of the bottle by his bedside, had a serious relapse when he saw the nature of the liquid that had restored him to health! Such a prejudice is not, however, shared by every invalid, for we know that even Royalty itself has drunk asses' milk, and been brought back to strength thereby.

Ass-keeping for milk production is not, unfortunately, a very profitable industry, for, though the milk is retailed at six shillings a quart, each ass is capable of yielding only one pint and a-half a day. A milch ass is also difficult to find, and dear to buy. Thirty shillings is a good price for an ordinary donkey, but a

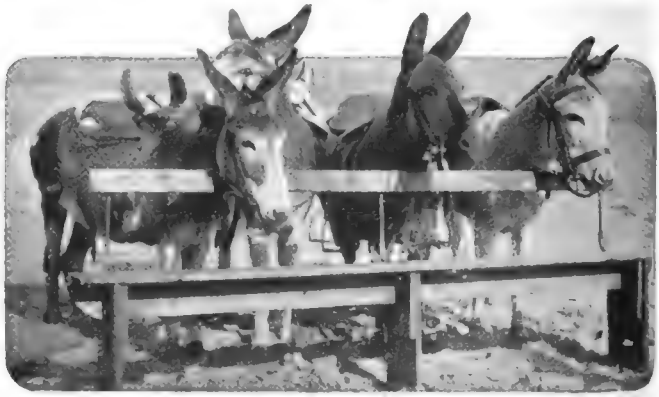

Photo *Charles Reid.*

A pretty group of well-kept donkeys. What a contrast to the miserable animals frequently seen in the streets!

These considerations make him a highly valuable servant, for the amount of work he accomplishes is out of all proportion to the expense and care required by him. But there is another way in which the ass benefits humanity.

Tuberculosis is absolutely unknown in the donkey, hence asses' milk may be taken fearlessly by those who have a terror of this awful disease. Its nourishing qualities are undisputed; so rich is it in albumen that it cannot be boiled, for when it is raised above a certain temperature it coagulates like an egg.

There is a strong prejudice in the minds of many people against asses' milk, and it is

she-ass and foal generally cost seven pounds ten, while in the winter season so much as twenty guineas may have to be paid to secure them.

In every case the foal must accompany its mother, for if she is deprived of it she will become broken-hearted, and the yield of milk will cease.

Messrs. Welford & Son, Ltd., London, make a speciality of asses' milk. They always have fifty asses at their farms, and they are ready at a moment's notice to dispatch one to any part of the country. It is an interesting fact that more than half their orders are conveyed by telegraph, and in most cases the ass is required at once. Very often a special train

Photo W. S. Stuart.

The late Queen Victoria was very fond of her donkey carriage, and always used it to convey her from one part of the grounds at Balmoral to another.

is chartered, when the customer is rich enough to bear the expense. All this hurry will be better understood when it is remembered that such are the virtues of asses' milk that it will often make all the difference between an invalid's collapse and recovery.

With each ass special instructions are sent as to its feeding and management, and not infrequently an experienced man is dispatched from London to look after the animal's welfare.

The coster regards the "moke" as his best friend. He can buy a suitable animal cheaply, or he can hire one for two shillings a week and its keep. The donkey is capable of pulling a load out of all proportion to his size, and he has the additional merit of never shying.

As regards speed also he is not to be laughed at. It is a favourite sport with costers to match one donkey against another, and the owner of a specially fast animal is regarded by his friends as a man of some importance. For what they term a racer they will give anything from five pounds to twenty, not that the difference in speed counts for much from a business standpoint, but the pride of possession is worth paying for.

It is on record that a certain donkey named Troublesome Jack once ran five miles in a little over eighteen minutes. Of course, he was being pitted against another animal, for the spirit of competition is absolutely necessary if the donkey is to do all he is capable of, the much despised ass being essentially a sportsman. He has been known to start an impromptu race with a horse, but under such circumstances the donkey is certain of defeat, for in his excitement he will start braying and frighten the horse into a headlong flight that

Photo Charles Reid.

Several generations of donkeys, and their masters. The child and the young donkey in the foreground are firm friends.

leaves the smaller competitor hopelessly in the rear.

But the donkeys that we know are not so speedy as they might have been had proper care been exercised in their breeding and general treatment. In Spain it is very different. There they almost rival the horse in speed and size, and they are held in the highest esteem by the inhabitants of the country. A Spanish male ass is worth anything up to two hundred pounds, and some of them have been introduced into Ireland for the improvement of the British stock, but without much result. Careful treatment as well as good blood is essential for the production of the ideal donkey, and that we seem to have set our minds on refusing him.

We content ourselves with calling him unpleasant names, instead of attending to his welfare. We denounce him as obstinate. It would be more correct to say that he lacks the power of accommodating himself to the wishes of others. While horses in their wild state roam the plains in flocks, the wild ass is seldom found in larger groups than twenty or thirty. The horse, therefore, inherits an ability for fitting himself to exterior circumstances, for it was taught him centuries ago by many a kick and many a bite from his companions if he behaved himself in a way that did not meet with the approval of the community. The ass, on the other hand, owing to the smallness of the flock, retained more of his own individuality, and never learnt what it meant to obey any dictate other than his own wishes and inclinations.

The donkey is not generally regarded as musical, perhaps because his own efforts in that direction are not very successful. But he loves music passionately, and has a certain power of discrimination. A coster who owned a couple of donkeys was in the habit of going into the stable of an evening and playing the concertina to them. One was quite apathetic, but the other would prick up his ears and signify to the best of his ability that he was pleased. If, however, a stranger's hand touched the notes of the instrument, he would bray excitedly.

This partiality for the person who attends to him is by no means uncommon in the donkey. He has an acute sense of smell, and can scent his master a long way off, and even distinguish him in a crowd.

In Ireland, where most of our donkeys are bred, there is the greatest friendship between owner and animal. Every small farmer in the sister island rears a donkey or two; they do not cost him much, and there is little risk of his being unable to sell them, for the demand is always great.

Nearly a hundred thousand donkeys are reared in Ireland every year for exportation to the United Kingdom.

Our late Queen used a beautiful little donkey named Jacko for drawing her about the grounds of Balmoral. She saw him first in France, and was so much struck by his quaintness that she bought him there and then. For the last ten years of Her Majesty's life this donkey had the honour of pulling her miniature carriage.

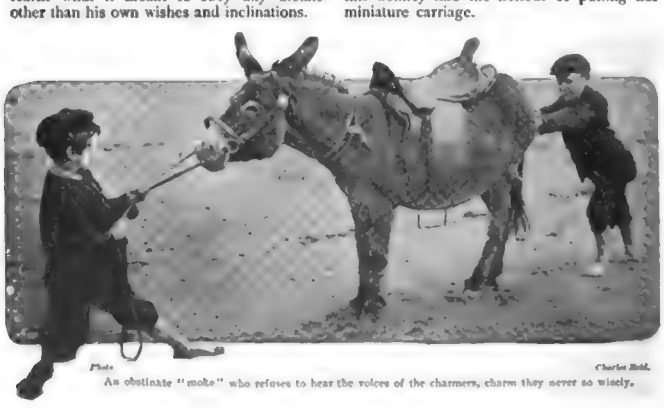

Photo. Charles Reid.

An obstinate "moke" who refuses to hear the voices of the charmers, charm they never so wisely.

V.—THE HAUNTED WOMAN.

A Complete Story.

By Allen Upward

A month after the romantic adventure of Bewley Hall, I received the most extraordinary letter I have ever had in my life.

It was from a lady, and the envelope was marked *Private*. This is what I read:

The Abbey,
Abbotsbury.

Dear Sir,

I have seen in the Journal of the Psychical Research Society an account of some extraordinary discoveries made by you and a young lady named Sargent in connection with occult phenomena in old family mansions; and I am writing to ask you in confidence if you or she would be willing to come down here and see if you could do anything to put an end to a manifestation which has been going on for a considerable time.

I ought to explain that I am the only person in the house who has seen anything, and I have not mentioned it to anyone but my own maid, who can be trusted. I am *most anxious* that my son, Captain Throgmorton, should not hear anything about the matter, and therefore it is essential that no one should know why you are coming down. Some excuse will have to be thought of to account for your visit. My son is a widower, and has never recovered from the shock of losing his wife, and therefore you will understand that I must make it a point that, *on no account* is he to be troubled.

I write to you in the greatest anxiety and distress of mind, and shall be prepared to pay liberally for your services and those of Miss Sargent, for which I shall be most grateful.

Trusting you will treat this matter as one *strictly* between ourselves,

I remain,
Yours truly,
(Lady) Maria Throgmorton.

P.S.—In replying, please do not use an envelope bearing the name of your firm, as the letter-bag is opened by Captain Throgmorton.

Had I listened to my first impulse, I should have written back firmly, declining to have anything to do with a matter which called for concealment, and especially when I was asked to visit a house under a false character.

Unfortunately, before replying, I showed the letter to Alwyne, whose curiosity was immediately aroused to the highest degree.

"I am certain there is more in this than meets the eye," she declared. "From the way this lady writes it is evident that she thinks there is some connection between what she has seen and her son—something which she is afraid to tell us. We must go down and find out at all events what the situation is, even if we go no further."

The moment I heard her talk like that, I bitterly regretted having shown her Lady Throgmorton's letter. I knew Alwyne's courage too well by this time to have any hope of frightening her off from an adventure because it threatened to have some risk. The only argument I could think of was an appeal to the conventions.

"I could not think of letting you enter the house of people we know nothing about under a false name, or in some concealed character," I said determinedly. "I might consent to do such a thing, but my wife is different."

"I am not your wife yet, you tyrant," Alwyne retorted with a sly smile. "If you

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As I entered, she raised a gold and tortoiseshell lorgnette to her eyes.

show the cloven hoof like that I shall look out for some kind, good-natured husband who will not trample on me. But there is no need that I should take a false name, or do anything else that you don't like. Why shouldn't this lady advertise for a companion in the *Standard*, and I answer the advertisement, and go down on trial?"

I felt that I was no match for Alwyne's ready wit. She found a way out of every difficulty as soon as I stated it.

"Well, at all events, I shall insist on going down first, and finding out something more about these people," I said. "How do you suggest that *I* should manage?"

Alwyne considered for a minute.

"There is no reason why you should not go down in your own name, too," she said at length, "unless Captain Throgmorton has heard of you. You might find out that from Lady Throgmorton. I should think the simplest plan would be for her to send for you to advise her about some alteration in the house—those old places are always wanting repairs. Unless she can persuade her son to let it—he seems to be the master. You had better ask her for more information first."

The upshot was that I answered Lady Throgmorton's letter as Alwyne wished. At the same time I looked up the family in the *Landed Gentry*.

The first result of these inquiries was the discovery that Lady Throgmorton was merely the captain's stepmother. She was the widow of one of our Ministers abroad, who had received the G.C.B., and Captain Throgmorton was his son by a former wife. Apparently, however, the stepmother and stepson had always been on the best of terms, and the widow of Sir Nicholas had remained on in the Abbey as its mistress until the captain's marriage, which had taken place about a year ago.

I could not learn anything about the wife's death, but it was clear that Lady Throgmorton had now resumed her old position.

At all events, she wrote back to me, saying that there was no need for me to drop my right name, and accepting the suggestion as to letting the house.

In due course I received a letter in her handwriting, but signed Arthur Throgmorton, in which I was formally invited to come down and see the property.

It was with very much more excitement than I usually feel on such occasions that I drove up to the main entrance of the Abbey, through an avenue whose yellowing leaves seemed ominous of some catastrophe.

I was first taken up to a comfortable bedroom on the second floor, and given some

tea. Half-an-hour later, the footman who attended to me came back, and asked me to follow him down to her ladyship's room.

I could see from his manner that Lady Throgmorton had given orders that I was to be treated with all possible consideration.

The room into which he conducted me was one of a suite on the first floor, evidently appropriated to the mistress of the house. The furniture was almost new, and I hardly required to be told that the rooms had been prepared to receive the bride of Captain Throgmorton; they now seemed to have been relegated to his stepmother.

The appearance of my client startled me. She was a woman of fifty, still strikingly handsome, but disfigured by a too lavish use of cosmetics. She had assumed an artificial pose on a couch, beside which stood a table covered with smelling-bottles and such articles. As I entered, she raised a gold and tortoiseshell lorgnette to her eyes, and gave me almost a hostile scrutiny.

Behind her stood her maid, a tall, thin woman with pinched lips and half-shut eyes, who never moved nor spoke except to answer some question from her mistress or to hand her some scent or drug.

The sight of this rouged and laced-up figure, with its blackened eyelids and prominent nose, and the silent shadow in the background, made me feel as if I had stepped into the atmosphere of some place like Homburg or Ostend, instead of an English country house.

"Sit down if you please, Mr. Hargreaves. And speak softly, if you will be so good. My nerves are absolutely destroyed—Madeline, the essence!"

The silent maid chose one of the bottles, and began dabbing her mistress' forehead, taking care not to disturb the powder.

"The experience I have gone through has been most frightful," Lady Throgmorton continued. "Every night it has been the same. I cannot sleep without taking enough chloral to kill anyone unaccustomed to it. And when I do go off—*I dream!*"

She gave a shudder, and raised a bottle of salts to her nostrils. Even where I sat I could detect the odour; in fact, the air of the room was thick with scents.

I waited for her to explain the nature of her experiences.

"Every night since I have been back in these rooms it has come to me," she went on. She seemed to have a difficulty in speaking out plainly. "It is an apparition—or at least it seems to be one—the apparition of my son's wife."

I thought it time to ask a question or two.

"Will you tell me a little more about the circumstances," I said. "When did Mrs. Throgmorton die? And how?"

She darted a fierce glance at me as I put the concluding question.

"She died six weeks ago, of pneumonia, in the room I am now occupying. After her death my son could not bear to sleep in it, and I thought it best to return to these rooms, which had always been mine."

"But if this apparition disturbs you there, why not try the effect of sleeping in some other part of the house?"

"Because it would be impossible to give any reason for changing again so soon. The servants would be inquisitive, and my son might suspect something." She hesitated before adding: "Someone else might take my place, and see what I have seen."

"I suppose you are afraid that if Captain Throgmorton heard of this it might distress him?" I hazarded.

Again she fixed me with a threatening glance.

"Captain Throgmorton must *never* hear of it," she responded. "The shock would kill him." She looked round at the maid for a moment. "We are afraid that he has not been quite right in his mind since his wife's death."

I could not conceal my consternation at this intelligence. I began to feel thankful that Alwyne had not come with me to such a house.

Lady Throgmorton saw that she must tell me something more.

"He would not believe that she was really dead, for a long time. Then he had a special coffin made for her, in the hope that she might come to life again. And he has told me that Eleanor would have appeared to him, if she really were dead, to assure him that she still remembered him in the other world."

I considered these extraordinary statements in my mind before replying.

"And are you sure that it would not be the wisest course to let him know what has happened, and give him the chance of seeing whatever you have seen?"

Lady Throgmorton turned to the woman behind her, and made her administer a dose of some restorative, before she answered this question.

"I dare not run the risk. If he saw what

I see every night it might unhinge his mind altogether. The apparition is—" she paused, and seemed to pick her words—"is not a natural one. It is—strange. And—and horrible."

A convulsion passed across her face as she made this declaration. The rouge cracked on her cheeks, and the pearl powder went in flakes.

The maid interfered suddenly, addressing herself to me.

"I think you had better leave her ladyship now, sir. It will be bad for her to talk any more."

I rose, murmuring some polite expression of regret, and got out of the room as best I could.

It seemed to me that I had got entangled in some very alarming mystery, and that the only prudent thing for me to do would be to quit the Abbey as soon as possible, and not return.

I passed the time before dinner in strolling through the grounds, as if in discharge of my commission to inspect the premises.

At the meal I met the master of the house for the first time. He was not a very young man—some age between thirty-five and forty—and his manner was subdued. But he appeared quite able to perform the duties of a host, and talked to me in a reasonable and businesslike spirit about the arrangements for letting the Abbey.

"Neither Lady Throgmorton nor myself find it a very cheerful place just at present," he said. "In fact, I am seriously uneasy about my mother's state of health. She has been accustomed to the bright society of foreign capitals, and the quiet, lonely life we lead here has got upon her nerves. I ought to take her to Paris, I expect, or the Riviera."

I did not venture to make any direct reference to his dead wife, nor did he make any nearer allusion to the subject.

The only other thing of importance he had to tell me was that Lady Throgmorton would give me all necessary instructions.

"She has always managed everything here," he explained, "and I think it is a distraction for her just now to have the reins in her hands again. As for the shooting, it is not up to much, and the steward can tell you more about it than I can."

Nothing that I saw of Captain Throgmorton was inconsistent with his being in full possession of his reason. But there are such people as monomaniacs, able to take their part in the world without giving any indication of eccentricity apart from their particular craze, and, of course, I could only suppose that my host was one of them.

But for the fact that the letting of the Abbey promised to be a piece of genuine business, I think I should have declined to have anything more to do with this family. As it was, I did not like to break with a client, and on my return to town I found Alwyne so keenly interested, and so determined to probe the matter to the very bottom, that I unwillingly gave way.

She went, as she had proposed, in the character of a prospective companion. I found it impossible to go with her, and could only urge her to wire me in case she felt the slightest uneasiness, and to come away instantly if things took an unpleasant turn

I waited with the greatest anxiety for her report, which reached me on the second morning after her departure.

I need only extract the important passages:

"I arrived safely, and had what I suppose I must call a friendly reception from Lady Throgmorton. I did not see the Captain, as Lady Throgmorton's meals were served in her own boudoir, and I took mine with her.

"I felt a great dislike for the maid, Madeline, who seemed to me to resent my coming. I fancied that she was playing on the fears of her mistress for some purpose of her own, and did not relish the idea of my doing anything to relieve them. In fact, I thought it quite possible, at first, that the apparition was the result of some trickery on her part.

"I wish I could think so still. I wish I had never seen what I saw last night, and what I am afraid I shall never be able to forget.

"When I say that I have seen it, I do not mean to be positive that it was an objective manifestation. My experience may have been purely subjective; that is to say, I may have been in sympathetic rapport with Lady Throgmorton, so that her vision was communicated to me.

"That seems all the more probable because the maid, who has slept with Lady Throgmorton since these experiences began, declares that she has never seen anything.

"Whichever it was, nothing would have induced me to face such a manifestation had I been warned of its character. But, as you know, I always consider it necessary that I should be told nothing in advance, in order to avoid the possibility of suggestion.

"Lady Throgmorton struck me at the

outset as a hysterical subject, just the sort of woman to be the victim of a nervous delusion, and therefore I did not much expect to find any reality in her experiences.

"A bedroom had been prepared for me adjoining her own, but it was arranged that I should actually pass the night in a bed in her room, which was usually occupied by the maid. Madeline was to take the bed in my room in exchange.

"I will not dwell upon the figure presented by Lady Throgmorton at night, without the paint and the powder which disguised her in the day. She had a table beside her bed for her sleeping-draughts and salts, and I noticed that she lay huddled on the very edge of the bed, as though to have her medicines within easier reach.

"I wanted to have all the lights extinguished, but she insisted passionately on having a night-light, and as she assured me that she had had one burning every time the apparition visited her, I could not very well object.

"Nothing happened till we had both been in bed for more than an hour. Lady Throgmorton seemed unable to sleep, and kept fidgeting with the bottles beside her, while I lay with my eyes half shut, watching the shadows on the ceiling, and listening to the restless movements of my unseen companion.

"I was just dozing off when suddenly I heard an agonised gasp, almost a shriek, from the other bed.

"In an instant I was wide-awake, and sitting up to look round.

"The first thing that met my eyes in the dim light was Lady Throgmorton, stretched out stiffly in her place, with her head thrown back on the pillow, and her eyes fixed in a glassy stare, like a person undergoing a cataleptic seizure.

"I followed the direction of her eyes without seeing anything more for the first few moments.

"Then, as I withdrew my eyes from wandering about the room, to return to where she lay breathing convulsively, I saw the cause of her terror.

The figure which met my sight was that of a woman prepared for burial.

"There was another person in the bed beside her.

"I have said *in*, but I ought to have said *on*. The figure which met my sight was that of a woman prepared for burial. She lay stretched out in the rigid attitude of the dead, her face and form wrapped tightly round with white linen grave-clothes.

"My heart nearly stopped beating at this silent invasion of the bed of the living by the dead.

"But the worst was still to come.

"While I watched, an awful change came over the spectral corpse. The linen wrappings appeared to decay by swift stages, and finally to fall away and hang in shreds from the appalling Thing—for all humanity had left it—which they had concealed.

"What I then saw I can hardly bear to think of, much less to describe.

"And imagine this horror seen lying side by side with a living woman who seemed to know it was there, and to feel the dreadful pollution of its touch!

"I hardly know what I should have done if the sight had lasted a moment longer. But with the full revelation of its unutterable loathesomeness the Thing vanished—vanished from its place without any apparent movement, leaving me with the sickening dread of seeing it as suddenly return.

"Common feeling compelled me to go to the assistance of Lady Throgmorton. I had hardly set foot on the floor when she began trembling all over, and calling out the name of her maid.

"The woman, who had evidently been expecting a summons, opened the door immediately, and came in. She darted an inquisitive look at me, a look of distrust and even of alarm I fancied it, as she passed to the side of her mistress, to whom she began giving things out of the bottles.

"I busied myself in lighting a pair of candles on the mantelshelf. As soon as Lady Throgmorton was able to speak I heard her demand anxiously:

"'Has she seen it? Did you see anything?'

"I turned towards the bed, and found mistress and maid waiting for my reply with apprehension.

"'Yes, Lady Throgmorton. At least, I have seen something, which I expect is what you have seen. A dead body, lying beside you on the bed.'

"She uttered a groan as she nodded her head in confirmation.

"'And—and did anything happen to it?' she asked in a whisper.

"I could not suppress a shudder as I answered: 'It assumed an appearance of decay.'

"Mistress and maid exchanged glances of intelligence.

"'I was right, you see, Madeline,' the lady said. And then she added, to my intense surprise: 'It has grown worse night after night. The first time I saw it, the shroud remained intact. Since then the change has gone on regularly.'

"There was only one thing to say, and I said it.

"'In my opinion you ought not to pass another night in that bed, nor in this room. Whatever be the real nature of this experience, it is clear that the only chance of its ceasing is for you to leave off sleeping here.'

"In Lady Throgmorton's pitiable condition I hardly liked to question her on the subject of the spectre. But the idea had already presented itself to my own mind that the ghastly figure which was haunting her could only be that of her son's late wife, and the horrible changes it had undergone seemed to correspond with the decay of the actual corpse.

"Having been assured that there was no chance of anything more occurring that night, I went back into my own room, leaving the maid to take my place.

"This morning I have had a long talk with Lady Throgmorton, in the absence of her maid. She has told me quite frankly that she considers the apparition to be that of the late Mrs. Throgmorton. She intends leaving for London to-day, on her way to Paris, and the Captain goes with her. She has pressed me very strongly to remain behind, and to pass at least one more night in the haunted room; and as I wish to ascertain whether my own experience of last night was objective or subjective, I think I shall consent.

"But I dare not make the experiment alone, and as Lady Throgmorton is strongly opposed to any of the servants being made acquainted with the mystery, I have promised to ask you to join me here for the purpose.

"Please wire."

So ended the report, with the exception of some personal messages of no interest to the public.

I need not remark on the courage of this brave girl in consenting to remain alone in a house where she had had such a frightful experience. I wired immediately to say I should arrive by the next train, and I was as good as my word.

I found Alwyne installed as Lady Throgmorton's deputy, in charge of the house and servants, who were all under notice to leave.

We decided to sit up till the hour at which the sepulchral figure would appear, if it appeared at all. In good time we moved into Lady Throgmorton's room, extinguished all the lights except the solitary night-light, and sat watching for what might happen.

A surprise awaited us. We were ignorant of the exact minute at which the previous manifestation had occurred. But midnight came and passed without the slightest sign of anything uncanny.

I was just saying to Alwyne that I thought it useless to wait longer, when the silence of the night was broken by footsteps advancing suddenly along the corridor. In a moment the door was burst open, and we beheld on the threshold Captain Throgmorton, with a lighted lantern in one hand, and a revolver in the other.

"Explain the meaning of all this," he demanded sternly, as we sprang to our feet.

I was at a loss what answer to make to him. But Alwyne was quick to assert herself.

"We are here in pursuance of instructions from Lady Throgmorton," she said with dignity. "Perhaps you will explain how it is that, after leaving the Abbey in my charge, you have returned in this manner and adopted such a tone towards me."

The Captain was evidently not prepared for this retort, which at once subdued him.

"I will apologise, of course, if I am in the wrong," he said, speaking more quietly. "I came down here because my stepmother's action in leaving you here seemed to me eccentric. I felt more and more uneasy as I got further from home, and finally, after seeing her off to Paris, I decided to run down here again and make sure that all was right. I have only just walked over from the station, and seeing a light in this room, I suspected something wrong."

We beheld on the threshold Captain Throgmorton, with a lighted lantern in one hand, and a revolver in the other.

He glanced round the room as he spoke with a mixture of curiosity and emotion.

I thought it was now time for me to speak.

"I trust my name, and the reputation of my firm, will be a sufficient guarantee that everything that has passed in your absence has been entirely in accordance with our instructions from Lady Throgmorton, to whom you may recollect you referred me. If you will now come with me into another room, I will tell you what those instructions were."

Captain Throgmorton took us downstairs into his library, and there I told him the entire story, as I have told it here, only omitting for his own sake the hideous detail of the change which had followed the first appearance of the spectral corpse.

"To-night we have seen nothing," I said in conclusion. "I think, therefore, you may rest assured that the whole thing is a diseased imagination on the part of Lady Throgmorton, due to the state of her nerves."

The Captain listened with the closest attention, wincing more than once at the references I had made to his dead wife. At the close he said:

"I am infinitely obliged to you for telling me this. It is true that I had a special coffin constructed for my late wife, but it was in discharge of a solemn promise to her, as she entertained a morbid dread of being prematurely buried. I may add that I engaged a medical man to visit the vault every day for a week, when he reported to me that changes had taken place which rendered it utterly impossible to doubt the reality of the death."

The reluctance with which he made this statement showed me that he knew what the doctor had seen. The changes were those which Alwyne had seen in the vision of Lady Throgmorton.

"Do you think there is any possibility that Lady Throgmorton may have heard of these visits?"

It was Alwyne who put the question. The Captain shook his head.

"I think not, Miss Sargent. Naturally I did not wish such a thing to be known, and I pledged the doctor to secrecy."

He frowned as he added:

"It is a very serious thing if my stepmother has been representing that my intellect is disordered, as you say. I must consider what is my best course; but I think I shall have to follow her abroad, and perhaps to take the doctor with me."

We separated for the night with mutual expressions of regret. In the morning Captain Throgmorton, opening the letter-bag as usual, found in it a telegram addressed to Alwyne.

It proved to be from Lady Throgmorton, who was staying at a hotel in the Avenue Friedland, and contained these words:

"*I have seen it here. Come immediately.*"

On reading this extraordinary dispatch, not one of us any longer doubted that the sender's mind was unhinged.

Captain Throgmorton at once sent a groom for the doctor, who arrived in the course of an hour.

When the doctor had been placed in possession of the whole of the facts—and this time I did not think it right to suppress anything—his manner became exceedingly grave.

"I will say nothing till I have seen Lady Throgmorton," he declared. "But I agree with you, Captain, that we ought both to go to Paris by to-night's boat."

Before leaving, Captain Throgmorton and I exchanged promises, one of strict secrecy on my part, and on his own to communicate to me the final outcome of the affair.

That promise was never kept.

A brief note, so brief as to be almost discourteous, informed me that Lady Throgmorton had been confined, with her own consent, in a private asylum in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, and that is the last I have ever heard from the Throgmorton family.

The truth was revealed to me in a singular manner, some years after, by the last person from whom I ever expected to learn it—Lady Throgmorton's maid.

Having learnt that this woman had presumed to give my name as a reference, I found her out, and threatened her with proceedings. By way of excuse she pleaded that the death of her mistress had thrown her on the world without friends, Captain Throgmorton having refused to assist her because he suspected her of complicity in his wife's death.

That death, she now assured me, was the work of Lady Throgmorton, who was unable to endure the loss of her position as mistress of the Abbey, and of certain family jewels which went with the estate. It had been brought about, or at least hastened, by means of a drug which subsequently arrested the decomposition of the corpse.

The doctor, it appears, had already been struck by some unusual symptoms in the case, and again by certain unexpected signs in the decay of the body. On being informed of Lady Throgmorton's visions, or hallucinations, his suspicions were given definite shape, and a full confession was extracted from the wretched woman before her reason finally gave way.

Shortly after the somewhat abrupt conclusion of this adventure, a quiet wedding took place, and Alwyne Sargent became Alwyne Hargreaves. I do not think any explanation of my conduct in marrying my secretary is due from me, as a business man. Alwyne had materially assisted me to attain the prosperity I now enjoyed, and it was only right that she should share it.

Our Continental honeymoon helped to restore her health, which had been considerably impaired by the shocks to which she had been so frequently exposed.

I have now given up dealing in haunted property, and my wife will never in the future, I trust, be called upon to exercise her extraordinary gift of clairvoyance.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Photo, Dickinson.
Private George Diggens, who tells the story.

XV.—THE BURNING OF THE TRANSPORT *SARAH SANDS.*

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF IN-PENSIONER GEORGE DIGGENS, LATE 54TH FOOT.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

Our naval annals contain no more thrilling story than the saving of the *Sarah Sands* by the heroic labour and indomitable courage of the 54th Regiment, now the 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment. She was an iron screw ship of about 2000 tons, and was taking the troops—368 in all—from Portsmouth to Calcutta. After leaving the Cape she took fire on November 11th, 1857, and for nearly eighteen hours the after part of her was a roaring furnace. When the fire was mastered, the hulk was sailed to the Mauritius, which was reached without the loss of a single life. Pluck and discipline had saved her. Private George Diggens, whose story is here retold, was the doctor's servant on board, and had exceptional opportunities of seeing what happened. He is now an In-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.

WE were going out to India to help quell the Mutiny, nearly fifty years ago. And we were going in the *Sarah Sands*, whose voyage was to be one of the most disastrous that any ship ever survived.

For two long, dreary months the *Sarah Sands* slowly forced her way south; then we reached the Cape, and, after being there a week, coaling, we set out again for Calcutta. The voyage had not been without incident of a sort—the sort you would rather be without. For one thing, death came unexpectedly in our midst, and threw a shadow on the ship. There was a fine, high-spirited man amongst the crew—a Dutchman, I think—who was the very life of us. He was always cheerful, always full of sport, which he worked off in merry-making. One day he was skylarking, when he suddenly fell overboard. Strangely enough, we never saw a sign of him, except his cap, which came to the surface. But we were in the tropics then, and sharks swarmed about the transport. We had a good deal to do with these monsters of the sea before our woes were ended.

Another thing which troubled us was the crew. You must remember that in those days, when so many ships were wanted to take troops to India, any sort of human being who called himself a sailor was certain of employment. British seamen were scarce, and our commander, Captain Castle—he died about a year ago—was forced to ship a miscellaneous lot. They were nearly all foreigners and mutinous scoundrels. This being the case, is it necessary to say that they were also cowards?

Well, there you have a picture of us—about 500 souls, all told, in a small screw steamboat—a mutinous crew, taking out troops to crush a mutiny! Such we were when we left the Cape to make our way past Ceylon, and up the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta.

Bad as the first part of the voyage had been, the second was infinitely worse. It seemed as if a curse settled on the vessel from the very outset. Some of the mutineers were in irons, and had been kept on bread and water for seven days. It has been said—and I, for one, do not disbelieve it—that the mutineers even went so far as to cause the mysterious

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fire which nearly brought about the destruction of us all.

We were heavy laden when we left the Cape, deep with the coal and fresh water and stores we had taken on board. We drove into bad weather, too, and on November 7th a squall considerably damaged us. But these disasters were trifles in comparison with the great calamity which they preceded.

We were about a thousand miles away from the Cape, alone on the sea. We had had our dinner, and the officers and ladies were just ready for theirs. It was about half-past two—they dined early in the Fifties, especially on board ship—and we were smoking our pipes and sitting about, chatting and laughing, and passing the time pleasantly enough, as ship-board life went.

I was rather a favoured person, because, as servant to Dr. O'Donovan, I was allowed an extra pint of porter daily. I went below to get my drink, and was instantly met by an awful smell of burning. I knew too well the terrible danger we were in if fire broke out to lose a minute's time in making known what I had seen. I returned to the deck, and just on reaching the top of the hatchway I met the carpenter. "I believe the ship's on fire!" I told him.

"Sh!" he answered. "You'll be put in irons if you say that!"

But he hurried below and hurried back again, and almost instantly Captain Castle and the chief mate came along.

There was no need to mince matters then, or hide the awful truth. The *Sarah Sands* was burning, and every soul on board knew it. The hatches were closed down, so that no unnecessary draught should feed the fire, but it was soon too clear that the transport was a roaring blaze astern.

Without the slightest warning we had been plunged from peace and safety into tumult and peril. We were fighting a battle in which the odds were crushingly against us. Now came the test of courage and endurance, and proof again, if proof were needed, of the steadying power of discipline. What of the mutineers, the foreigners, who knew neither drill nor obedience, and who had no *esprit de corps* to hold them to their duty? They had rushed for the boats and jumped into them, and, caring nothing for anything except their own skins, had pushed off.

A few of the 54th, who, in the confusion, had jumped into the boats also, were carried away from the ship's side. It had been just possible to get the ladies and children into one of the boats, and in it, covered with blankets and anything else we could lay hands on in the hurry and excitement, they were huddled during those long, awful hours of daylight and darkness in which we struggled to beat the flames and save the ship. Their case was as melancholy as our own, for the weather was proving bad, and the boats were thrown about by the seas—one, indeed, was swamped, but no lives were lost. Fortunately, as we were going on active service, there were very few women and children on board—eleven in all.

When the fire broke out, the *Sarah Sands* was carrying sail. The commander ordered this to be taken in, and also that the ship should be got, and kept, head to wind. That was, of course, to try to keep the fire from extending, by confining it to the after part of the transport. This was a hard enough task with so few sailors left on board; but during the long voyage some of us had picked up a little seamanship, and so, under the direction and with the help of the ship's officers, we managed it. Hose-pipes were fitted to the fire-engine, buckets and anything from which water could be thrown were furiously at work. We did everything that mortal men could do to drown the flames, and yet our puny jets had not the least effect on them.

Merciful indeed it is that at such times great exertions keep us from dwelling overmuch on what may seem our hopeless case. If there had been a chance for thought, for calculating the overwhelming odds against us, there were not many even of the bravest but would have resignedly awaited the end, and prayed for its speedy coming; but every nerve and every muscle in every man was alert and working, and like very fiends the 54th laboured for the preservation of the *Sarah Sands*.

Even at a time of the greatest peril some unexpected incident will force us to the thought of matters other than our personal doings. Here were we, overshadowed by present horrors and the prospect of an almost certain death; yet there arose a strange forgetfulness of self and a concern for the welfare of a fellow-creature. And who was he? Where was he that he should claim attention then, of all times? Where could he have been for his case to be worse than our own pitiful plight?

He was a prisoner below, a mutineer in irons, and he was captive in the heart of that fiery furnace!

This seemed the very crowning horror

There was another rush, and Private William Wiles dragged Richmond and the cousins from the saloon and on to the deck.

of our case. He was a sailor—a one-eyed man, called Scottie, the best of the crew; and there he was, helpless below. Instantly there were men willing to risk their lives to try to save him; but no man was allowed to make the attempt; all that we were permitted to do was to throw a rope down in the feeble hope that he could help himself. A rope was lowered, and Scottie managed to seize it. Then we dragged him up to the deck, irons and all, and he got his poor chance of life like the rest of us. But there were few who thought he could pull round, for he was so overcome with exhaustion that he lay on the deck like one dead, and it was fully twenty minutes before he recovered consciousness.

First and foremost to the soldier of the old days came the thought of his regimental Colours. Ours were in the saloon, and the saloon was astern, where the fire was raging. Who would venture on such a forlorn hope as the attempt to save them? Who, indeed? Why, there was an instant dash for them, without thought of personal danger, in defiance of the stifling smoke and scorching flames. First of all, the two ensigns into whose special care the Colours had been given—Lieutenants Houston and Hughes—rushed into the choking saloon and tried to seize the precious folds of silk and bring them out. They failed, and barely escaped with their lives.

Then a gallant fellow named Richard Richmond, one of the ship's quartermasters, vanished into the dense smoke and struggled towards the far end of the saloon, where the Colours hung. He had a wet cloth over his face, and was armed with an axe. With frantic cuts he got the Colours down and staggered back through the suffocating atmosphere. Then, overcome with the heat and smoke, he fainted, and it seemed as if his death were as sure as the destruction of the Colours and ship.

But pluck begets pluck. There was another rush, and Private William Wiles dragged Richmond and the Colours from the saloon and on to the deck. They came out of that awful furnace with just strength enough to hold the Colours up so that the 54th should see them, and in that thrilling act and with our cheers ringing in their ears, they fell down senseless and exhausted. Those Colours are now in Norwich Cathedral.

We were in the very thick of our fight, whetted to continue it by the salvation of our Colours, and the ceaseless encouragement and glorious example of our regimental officers. Their pluck was as wonderful as their endurance. And they were finely supported by the ship's officers and the two or three men—Englishmen, mind you—of the crew who had not deserted to the boats. Courage and an unfaltering lead were needed, too, for we had no human enemy to deal with, no opposing troops who at any moment might break and run; but a grim and ruthless foe who had it all his own way, and with whom the very wind and sea appeared to be in league, for the wind was roaring and the waves were running high.

We were formed in sections—drill, drill, drill, it seemed to be on that rolling, burning parade-ground—and a curious sight we must have been, because we were always countermarching. We were crowded on the cramped fore part of the ship, and were always facing ourselves, so to speak. That was owing to some of us coming up from below, where we had been sent to work, and marching forward and meeting the sections who were on their way to relieve us.

It seems easy to talk about pouring water on the fire, but no tongue can tell the difficulties we had to meet and overcome. Before we could get below we had to cut holes in the deck with hatchets; then to grope and stifle in the dense, hot depths, feeling with our hands for the hottest places on the iron plates, and throwing water on to keep them cool. A ceaseless wetting of the coals was also necessary to keep them from bursting into flames.

We crawled and crept and staggered blindly from spot to spot with our buckets and other things, always to keep the fire to its huge metal grate and prevent it from bursting out into the whole of our home. We never stopped throwing the water down, and never ceased to pump it up again, so that the *Sarah Sands* should not meet her doom from her only means of preservation.

Now that we were accustomed to the first great danger, we were confronted with another and more awful peril, and that was our destruction by the explosion of the powder in our two magazines. We had many barrels of gunpowder on board, and, in addition, there were the ship's rockets in another magazine. Not even the bravest could think of that new peril without fear; but the terror disappeared in the fury and excitement of getting at the casks.

First to be tackled was the starboard magazine, and the 54th fell to their work with all the strength that dread gives—almost, if

you like, despairingly. The task was so hard, the means of doing it so slight. Everything was against us, and it seemed as if nothing were in our favour. To get at the powder meant that men had to be lowered with ropes through the holes in the deck into the suffocating, scorching depths, and to fasten other ropes round casks, when these were hauled up. Each cask as it was landed on the deck was thrown overboard. One by one they came, men working until they could work no more—some indeed were drawn up senseless—and at last the starboard magazine was emptied.

Again there was a thrill of triumph, but short-lived, for the port quarter magazine was still untouched, and it was very near the fire. It could be reached only by one hatchway, and that was already belching dense clouds of hot smoke.

Volunteers were wanted again—volunteers were instantly at hand.

The furious fight to get the powder overboard was renewed. Again men went below and laboured until they fainted; but the powder diminished and grew less, until at last there remained only one cask of ammunition which an exhausted soldier had dropped, and some signalling powder which had been forgotten. There were also two large barrels of powder which it was humanly impossible to reach.

Our fate seemed sure at last.

We had so far escaped the fire and kept it to the stern; the ship was still manageable, and might be saved, but the powder was certain to explode, and there was no one who believed that the *Sarah Sands* would survive the explosion. We had been striving for hours, darkness had settled on the sea, and it seemed as if nothing could be done. The boats—can you imagine the feelings of the unhappy women and children in them, separated from husbands and fathers, tossed on the waters and expecting certain death?—were ordered to get clear of the ship so as to escape the force of the explosion, and they were pulled away.

No words can indicate the sufferings of those who waited in the boats and in the ship for the awful end—agonies which were intensified by the enforced partings.

Again desperate exertions kept us employed. We never ceased to try to save the ship. We cut away the deck fittings which might catch fire, and cabins and lumber went overboard; we collected the spars and other things and made three rafts. Two of these were set afloat and the third was left across the deck, ready to be lowered at the very last.

To the glory of the 54th be it said that not even then, in the very face of death, with the conviction that the ship might at any moment explode, did a single soldier rush for the rafts. The troops remained obedient, and the officers continued to encourage and lead them.

It was about this time that Captain Castle, brave though he was, abandoned hope. He was on the bridge—I was there also, with the doctor—and turning to Major Brett, who was in command of us, he said, "You have done all you can; nothing more is possible." Then he took a pair of marine glasses which were slung over his shoulders, and flung them into the heart of the fire, saying, "They're no good now!" But Major Brett answered, "We shall never stop working till we're driven overboard."

In the darkness of the night the flames leapt skyward. The after part of the ship was by that time one mass of fire. The deck was burnt away, the iron beams were red hot, the very sides were glowing, and to the roaring of the fire and wind and sea there was the appalling accompaniment of an unearthly light for miles around—a vaporous and unnatural luminosity. The sky itself was a vast red dome, and the very sea was ghastly with the glare.

Most horrible of all, the water swarmed with sharks, which were quite clearly visible as they leapt and struggled, hungrily waiting for the end.

Would the end never come? Would this nerve-destroying suspense never be broken? Would the fire never reach the powder?

Can you picture the pitiful case of us—the troops still fighting, as we were fighting, against these overwhelming odds of fire and wind and sea? Could there be no mercy of any sort for us?

Even as we watched and waited and hoped the tarred mizzen rigging took fire. The ropes swiftly burnt away and over crashed the mast. Still, in the good providence of God, and because we plied our work with hose and bucket, we kept the *Sarah Sands* head to wind, and so preserved her, keeping the fire confined to the after part, although once or twice terrible blasts of flame and smoke were swept from stern to bow.

We had been striving for many long hours. Man after man had fallen senseless, dropping exhausted on the deck, and the only thing even the doctor could do was to throw salt water on their faces to bring them round.

Our uniforms were scorched from our bodies, our skins were burnt and black with smoke, and we were parched with torturing thirst. Believe me, so terrible was this thirst upon us that our tongues were swollen out of our mouths, and could be forced back only by the pressure of our hands. And there was no relief for us, because our very life's sustenance, our food and drink, were being destroyed with our ship.

Suddenly there was the terrifying climax for which we had all been waiting.

Right astern there was a mighty red flash upward, a deafening crash, a crackling as if the very elements were dissolving, then a shuddering, sickening sinking of our water-laden troopship.

The powder had exploded at last, and with it had burst the ship's rockets, making such a firework show as never mortal man had seen, I think, for he had never witnessed it in such a setting—and such a one as I have no desire to look upon again.

Not a human being in the transport who felt the shock, not a wretched soul in the boats who saw the awful sight, believed that the vessel would survive, and yet when the shudder had passed through her, when she had recovered from that sickening dip, the *Sarah Sands* rode still, although the wreckage of her stern cabins had been blown out and into fragments and a great hole torn in her port quarter as far down as the water-line. Marvellous to tell, the explosion injured only two amongst us, a lieutenant and a corporal, who were blown down a hatchway, but were rescued.

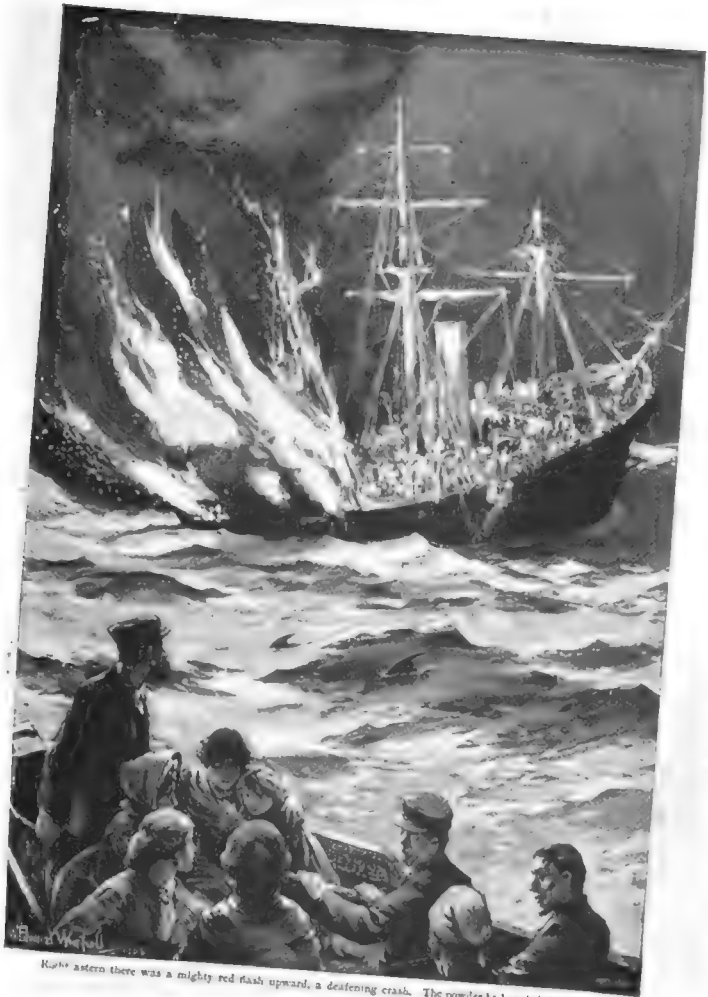
We were still afloat, then—still favoured with a dismal hope of preservation. And so we went into the fight again with fresh heart of grace, and the buckets were passed and the hoses played, and on to the hot coal and the heated plates of her we threw the water, in the hope that even yet we might prevent the fire from spreading, as for many hours, thank God, we had prevented it.

Throughout that unspeakable night the 54th fought on, unaided by the cowards who had mutinied and left the ship. They were hailed to come and take the *Sarah Sands* in tow, in order to keep her head to the wind, but they refused, and it was not until all danger from the fire was over that they came on board again. They got a reception which made their ears tingle, I can assure you. The sharks had tried repeatedly to upset the boats with their tails, and now that they saw the people returning to the ship they made savage and voracious rushes at them. More than one nigger's face went whiter than if it had been washed as the huge jaws snapped near him.

I have seen pictures of fine people going back to burnt-out homes. So it was with the *Sarah Sands*. Her beautifully dressed women, who had been hurried into the boats with bare arms and necks and shoulders, came to the side again. But how different from the joyous, chatty crowd who were on the point of dining when the cry of "Fire!" was raised! Dresses were torn and crumpled, happy faces had become drawn and haggard, bright eyes were dull with weeping, and white, delicate skins were browned and blistered by the merciless tropical sun. They filled with pity even those of us who had fought the flames, and in looking on their miseries we forgot our own. Captain Castle did what he could to relieve them, and that was to order the sailmaker to get pieces of sail and canvas and make such coverings as he could for the scorched skins. And so upon the delicate finery was put a coarse canvas crown! There was no chance of luxury in such a floating shell, and all that ingenuity could do and decency provide was to rig a canvas screen to separate the ladies from the troops.

It is astounding to think what men can reconcile themselves to when they are the creatures of crippling circumstances. Here were we, who had been so cooped up in a small ship on a long run to India, that we could scarcely move in our narrow quarters and close imprisonment; yet we were finding it possible to exist in half the space, huddled almost indiscriminately in an iron shell that only kept afloat by a miracle.

The after part of the transport was just a gutted mass of ironwork, open to the air and sea. To look down into it was like being on the top of a building that has been destroyed by fire, with only bare girders and the gaunt walls visible. The cabins had been blown out of the stern by the explosion; all the woodwork had long since vanished, and some of the iron had melted away. How could it be otherwise with a heat which was so fierce that the very glass of the scuttles had melted and hung like icicles now that it was cold? That fact alone will show you how intense was the heat—literally a furnace heat. It is marvellous that the work of man could withstand such a consuming flame, and the survival of the ship was a noble tribute to the stoutness of her structure and the honesty of her build. She had been gutted by fire; now heavy seas struck her



Right astern there was a mighty red flash upward, a deafening crash. The powder had exploded at last.

repeatedly, and as she rolled helplessly our four enormous tanks of water, which were right below, were hurled from side to side, and we never knew when one or all of them would dash through the iron plating.

Strange and incongruous were the things we did after and resulting from the fire. Most striking of all, I think, was the erection of a tent—for the captain's use and other official purposes—on the iron wreckage, where the stern cabins had been.

A tent on a floating wreck, in that wilderness of tropic sea! And below that tent was the torn, bent mass of ironwork, with the very propeller-shaft showing in the depths. Need a man be a sailor to understand our constant peril from slipping a sea, or even a mass of water which, in ordinary times, would only cause amusement?

The long fight was over and a glorious victory was won. But what was our prize? tA mere hull, a ship half burnt away, and which was sound only forward of the mainmast. The smoke had gone and now only clouds of steam ascended and vanished in the air. The *Sarah Sands* had nearly twenty feet of water in her, and was so deep by the stern hat every wave seemed as if it would overwhelm and sink her. We had only one sound mast, too, the mizzen having been burnt away and the main damaged.

We had saved the troopship from fire; now we had to preserve her from water, so we set to work again and patched her up. For a long time she was like a gigantic kettle aft, with the steam rising from her, but we pumped incessantly for two nights and a day; we rigged up a steering-gear, we covered over the rent side with spars and canvas, and we got some sail up. That was after floundering and drifting helplessly about in a ship that had nothing to control her.

Then, suffering torture from thirst and hunger, because our fresh water and our provisions had been almost entirely destroyed, we struggled on for nine days more, when we got our gallant cripple into Port Louis in the Mauritius. Until that time from the hour we started from the Cape we had seen neither ship nor land, so our deliverance was merciful indeed. If we had vanished, our fate would never have been known, because two or three bottles that were thrown overboard with messages were never picked up.

The irony of our fate was on us to the very last. A pilot came off and told us that he could not take us in till next morning, as ships were not allowed to enter in the darkness. No exception was made even for us, so for the first time since the fire the crazy screw was started slowly, and the *Sarah Sands* crawled off and on. She was nearly wrecked in the night on a reef, but in the morning she got in and we went ashore—some of us wrapped in newspapers to hide our nakedness.

For all the miseries we had suffered there was almost recompense in the things that were said about us, and the kindness which was shown. We had gone through that long-drawn time of peril from fire and sea and mutiny; we had saved our Colours and our ship; we had held to our discipline and maintained the credit of our regiment, and we had not lost a life!

Can you wonder that of all the honours which the 54th has gained there is none it holds dearer than this great triumph that was won upon the sea, and not the battlefield?

CUPID'S AMMUNITION.

"Upon my word!" said Cupid
(Who was looking very bored),
"This bow and arrow's stupid—
I should *much* prefer a sword.

"But if I cut my finger,
Dear mamma would spank her son—
No longer will I linger
But will haste and buy a gun."

It cost a pretty penny
(Made him bankrupt, quite, in purse),
But though he aimed at many,
No one seemed a whit the worse.

You see (the goddess vowed her
Son's behaviour a disgrace),
It seems he stole the powder
From his mother's dressing-case!

Ada Leonora Harris.

LOGAN'S REVENGE

The Story of Two Practical Jokes.

By GEORGE G. MAGNUS.

TELL you what turned my hair grey in a single night? Well, draw your chairs round the fire, and — that's enough whiskey, my boy. Very little soda.

The experience is not one I care to talk about, but I will relate it because I have noticed lately a growing failing among you young fellows for practical joking. This fearful experience was brought about by a practical joke.

It occurred when I was apprenticed to a well-known engineering firm, and, although that was forty years ago, I can remember every incident as clearly as if it had happened yesterday.

There were three of us—Jenkins, Thompson, and myself. We were for ever playing practical jokes. The *last* we played was on a young engineer called Logan, who, on account of his inordinate conceit, was cordially destested by us all.

One of his pet boasts was that no one had ever succeeded in frightening him. Well, my chums and I thought it high time that somebody did; so one night, after he had gone to bed, we dressed ourselves up in sheets, covered our faces and hands with phosphorus, and softly entered his bedroom. We woke him with weird, unearthly moans; and, when he caught sight of our glistening faces and white draperies, he simply yelled at the top of his voice. In fact, so loud were his cries that we had to reveal our identity hastily to calm him.

It was then that he swore a mighty oath to have his revenge—and he kept his word.

However, we took little heed of his threat at the time, and the result of our midnight visit having spread over our sheds Logan soon found the place too hot for him, and left.

It was perhaps six months after his departure, that Jenkins, Thompson, and I paid a visit to a music-hall in the neighbourhood. On returning, a trifle merry, a little after eleven o'clock, we were set upon by a gang of roughs, knocked down, and chloroformed.

On coming to, I found myself strapped into a chair in a small, evil-smelling cellar, feebly illuminated by a bit of candle sticking up in a cask. My chums were secured like myself, one on either side, but I noted that their chairs were heavier than the one to which I was bound. I read utter bewilderment in their eyes, and they must have read the same in mine. Where were we? Who was our gaoler? What was the object of our capture? These were the questions I asked myself again and again, for, as we were securely gagged, there was no means of communicating with each other.

Presently the death-like silence was broken by the sound of footsteps overhead. They came nearer and nearer; a door opened, and someone stealthily descended the stairs.

It was Logan.

You look surprised to see me," he said, showing his teeth. "Thought I had forgotten you, perhaps, eh? No, I have not forgotten you, nor your joke, nor—my revenge! I wonder if you have guessed what it is going to be? It has been so carefully conceived!" and he chuckled softly, while we shivered under the heartless gaze of his gleaming eyes.

"Ah! it's my turn to laugh now," he went on in his sneering voice. "You do look happy, all of you. You can't have thoroughly grasped my little scheme. Allow me to explain the situation. It's a test for *your* courage. You see that candle?" He pointed to the cask which stood in the middle of our prison. "Now, what do you think it is sticking up in? Can't guess? Well, I'll show you."

He walked over to the barrel, and, using great care, scooped from the top of it with a

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sheet of paper some black, glittering substance. This he poured into a little heap on the floor in front of us and touched with a lighted match. There was a bright flash and a puff of smoke.

The black substance was *gunpowder!*

The brute came quite close to us and calmly scrutinised our expressions.

"You understand now, I think?" he chuckled. "When that candle burns down into the powder—don't look so scared; it won't go off yet. It will burn for thirty minutes, perhaps a little longer. You mustn't cry before you're hurt, you know! Well, I daresay you've a lot of things to think about during the next half hour, so I will wish you good-bye," and this fiend in human form left us to our fate.

As the door shut to the draught caught the flame of the candle, and the agony of seeing it slant backwards and forwards over the powder I shall never forget.

You may be sure it was not long before I tested the strength of my bonds; but I was trussed like a fowl, and could not move an inch. However, after a violent struggle, I managed to release my legs partially, and, by pushing against the stone-flagged floor, upset myself, falling with a crash on my side.

To my joy, I found that I could crawl along on my knees, carrying my chair like a snail carries its shell, and in this fashion I started towards the candle. At last I got to within two feet of the cask, and, by raising myself with my elbows as high as the back of the chair would permit, I could just see over the top. The candle had barely three inches to burn.

Three inches of tallow between us and eternity!

I glanced hopelessly round our cell, and suddenly a little pool of water in the further corner attracted my attention. Above the water was a large brass tap.

Immediately an idea flashed through my brain, and I started crawling as fast as my bonds would allow towards the spot. Reaching it—it seemed years later—I struck the tap with the top of my head, and to my delight a powerful jet of water gushed forth. I turned the tap again and again, and the water rushed out with ever increasing volume. In a few moments the floor was covered. I looked at my chums to find a gleam of hope in their bloodshot eyes.

Well, boys, it was a race between the water and the candle. The water had to rise a couple of feet; the candle had less than three inches to burn.

The water rose inch by inch, and the candle melted lower and lower. It was a close race—its very closeness made it all the more fearful—but slowly and surely it was borne in upon us that we must *lose*. The water had now about fifteen inches to rise, and the candle about half-an-inch to burn. The comparative distances grew less and less. I could hear the thumping of my heart above the swirl of the water. The sweat literally poured off me. Thompson's head fell forward, and he shut his eyes. Jenkins was watching the candle, fascinated. We had given up all hope; we simply waited.

The light began to flicker. I lived a century in the moments that followed. I wondered whether any bits of us would be found, and how the papers would account for the explosion. Queer thoughts for a man on the brink of Eternity!

Then came a blinding flash!

When I recovered consciousness, my cords had been cut and the gag taken from my mouth. Gazing round in a dazed fashion, I saw a workman coming towards me out of the smoke, with a candle in his hand.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he demanded. "Where d'you come from? If I hadn't bin attracted by the smoke a-coming through the grating, you'd 'ave all bin drownded!"

"Where am I?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

"In the cellar of Mrs. Jones what lets lodgings to respectable single gentlemen. I found the poor soul strapped into her chair and gagged like you. What's the meaning of it all?"

In a weak voice I told him all that I knew.

"Thought you was goin' to be blowed up, did you? Thought the barrel over the sink was full of gunpowder? What a wicked 'oax. Come and see!"

He helped me up, and, trembling in every limb, I hobbled over to the cask. The top of it was black with burnt powder, and in the side which had been carefully turned away from us—was a little yellow tap.

There was a long silence in the cellar, broken by a horrible laugh. We both wheeled round. Jenkins was standing behind us, regarding the vinegar barrel with wild, empty eyes.

"Mad!" whispered the workman.

* * * * *

No, I never saw Logan again; he left Mrs. Jones' lodgings that same night. But, two years later, poor Jenkins tracked him down—and killed him!

The water rose inch by inch, and the candle melted lower and lower.

Cupid's Search

Love smiled his sweetest, tend'rest little smile,
"An arrow here,
Just one I've left," he whispered full of guile,
"Now who is near?
Who shall receive the arrow-thrust?" he said,
And bent in thought his little curly head.

He hied him to the palace and the cot
On business bent;
He searched the woodland valley and the grot,
With look intent.
"A perfect match I'll make to-night," he said,
And laughed in glee, and shook his curly head.

He searched and sought, until at evenclose
He saw us two;
Saw me observe the tempting lips of rose,
My love, of you.
"Here is my perfect match to-night," he said,
And laughed in glee, and shook his curly head.

Twang! went his bow, forth sped the fatal dart,
His aim was true;
Ne'er shedding drop of blood it pierced my heart,
And passed right through.
"A perfect match I've made to-night," he said,
And laughed in glee, and shook his curly head.

JOHN C. TURNER.

ROCK AND WATER GARDENS

Artificial rockwork in Newport Park.

Some Precepts and Practical Advice on Artistic Gardening, Showing how Gardens Can be Made less Monotonous.

By Geo. A. Best.

There is, perhaps, no recreation which appeals so forcibly to the average Englishman as that of gardening; and whether the planting and arrangement of the ground be done by the owner thereof, or by hired servants, the garden of every dwelling-house generally is, and always should be, the chief attraction of the place, and one which is shown to visitors with pardonable pride by the householder himself.

"Now you must come out and see my garden," is the usual formula of the host. And the guest is duly conducted from one beauty spot to another, until his stock of laudatory adjectives is quite exhausted.

A miniature cascade. Though apparently of considerable height, this waterfall is really but a couple of feet high.

Yet, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the owner has nothing to exhibit beyond the usual stereotyped pattern of garden architecture; and the visitor, probably an enthusiastic horticulturist himself, can form a pretty shrewd idea as to the general arrangement of the ground even before the personally conducted tour of inspection has begun. For, unfortunately, there is no hobby in which possibilities are so much neglected, and no recreation in which the lack of originality is so glaringly apparent, as that which has for its object the preparation and subsequent culture of a flower garden.

One has only to observe the little arcadias of a new neighbourhood, as they spring into existence one by one, to be strongly impressed by the monotonous and unimaginative

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nature of the work. In almost every case there is the ubiquitous lawn, bounded by methodically-planted flower-beds, and backed by laurel bushes or flowering shrubs. Novelties in the shape of summer-houses or rockeries are introduced occasionally, and when such is the case the innovation spreads from end to end of the road with the rapidity of an epidemic of measles. Rockeries, often of the most unnatural type, are particularly infectious; while a tiny lake, built on the lines of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, is a possession which is well calculated to produce flattery of the most sincere and visible kind from one's friends and neighbours.

A rock cliff constructed to hide a garden shed. Ugly but necessary buildings are frequently disguised in this way.

Yet such constructions are, at best, but a grotesque parody on Nature. It is not a case of "where Nature fails, Art steps in," for Nature, so far as horticulture is concerned, never fails; and the only real art in every form of landscape gardening is that which is based on natural foundations. The work of Nature may certainly be improved, but only by the exercise of that true art which can utilise to the full the natural features of the place before the desired combination is effected.

Rocky dingle with tower (built to accommodate a large water tank). Another instance of an unlovely nature being turned into an ornament.

It is the object of this article to show what unique effects may be produced, even in small gardens, and on the most unpromising of natural sites, by the experienced artist in rock-work—an artist who is able to construct in one's own grounds a faithful duplicate of any natural scene in rock, wood, or water, which may have been photographed during a holiday tour.

The work of the rock builder is not a mere illusion to be viewed from a distance. It requires none other than the natural effects of sunshine and shadow to add to its realism. By its aid the most unsightly object may be concealed; the most ungainly nook converted into a scene of beauty. Tool-sheds may be hidden within the walls of a rock-cliff or miniature precipice; a water-cistern concealed behind the battlements of a ruined tower; and a gully or ditch running through flat meadow-land so manipulated as to form the most picturesque features of an ingle-nook or rocky dell.

It is in this peculiar adaptability for use in conjunction with water that the greatest charm of rock-work lies; although where no natural stream or pond is available much may still be done (either with the natural rock, or the artificial, or a judicious blend of both) in the construction of dells and outdoor ferneries,

and that at a comparatively small cost, and in the most uninteresting and otherwise useless of surroundings. But, in order to produce the best effect, or, as a matter of fact, any real effect at all, the rocks must be so built up and arranged as to impress one with that air of picturesque wildness which can alone make them appear natural to the site. They should never seem to have been formed by the hand of man.

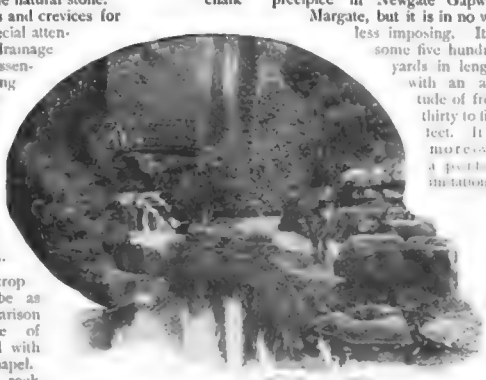
Cliff of imitation chalk at the Newgate Gapway, Margate. Only an expert could tell that this is not a real cliff.

A careful study of any one of the artificially formed boulders shown in the accompanying illustrations will prove, far more effectively than mere words can do, that the expert worker in rock is both an artist and a geologist of no mean order. The rocks here introduced are naturalistic both in stratification and in form. They are made to crop out in irregular and picturesque shapes which most successfully counterfeit all the rugged features of the natural stone.

Numerous hollows and crevices for soil are provided, special attention being given to drainage and other points essential to the well-being of the verdure which grows so luxuriantly on boulder and crag. To compare such work with that of the amateur rockery builder, who seldom produces anything more imposing than a heap of "burrs" planted with stone-crop or ferns, would be as ridiculous as a comparison of the architecture of St. Paul's Cathedral with that of a suburban chapel.

The art of the rock gardener is not exhausted, however, in the construction of picturesque glades or dells. On the contrary, many of the grandest features of Nature have been successfully duplicated and artificially reproduced both in public gardens and in the grounds of country mansions. An excellent example of an imposing and precipitous cliff of imitation chalk has doubtless been seen by many readers who have visited Margate. A glance at the illustration will demonstrate the naturalness of the structure, whose altitude can best be gauged by a comparison with the height of the group of boys standing beneath the archway.

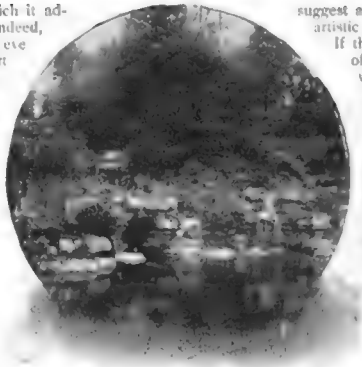
Another example is that of a seaside cliff of "Suffolk Crag," which was built some years ago on the East Coast. As this work was executed on Sir Cuthbert Quilter's estate at Bawdsey, it is not so well known as the "chalk" precipice in Newgate Gapway, Margate, but it is in no way less imposing. It is some five hundred yards in length, with an altitude of from thirty to fifty feet. It is, moreover, a perfect imitation of



A picturesque corner, showing what can be done with a small stream by the garden expert.

the natural bluff which it adjoins, so much so, indeed, that it would take the eye of a geological expert to discover the exact spot at which the natural cliff ends and the artificial begins.

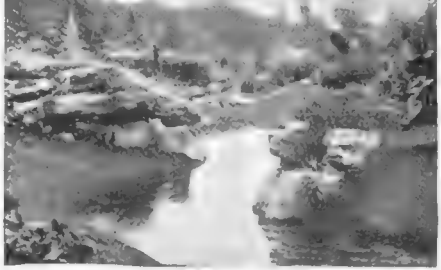
The material employed for the core of the boulders, or the "heart" of the marine cliff herein described, consists either of beach shingle, brick burr or rubble-stone; and this is veneered (in perfect imitation of the natural stone of the district) with a specially prepared cement, which is applied in a soft state, and deftly finished by the rock artist, with the aid of nothing more pretentious in the way of tools than a trowel and brush.



A boat cave that is at once useful and ornamental. The surroundings are most charming and natural, but all the rock is artificial.

The whole business of the garden specialist is of a most interesting and fascinating nature. The traveller in landscapes is at once a capable gardener, architect, land surveyor, and engineer. He will call upon a likely client, and solicit orders for dingles or dells, caverns or cliffs, waterfalls or trout streams, or whatever scenery the natural possibilities of the place may suggest to his astute imagination. His "samples" consist entirely of photographs, either of natural scenes or of work already executed, and these eminently portable models suggest an infinite variety of artistic combinations.

If the proposed theatre of operations contains water — and especially running water — the possibilities of improvement are practically endless. Even a stagnant pond may be so transformed and beautified by the introduction of artistic rockwork that its previous form will scarcely be recognisable. And where no visible water exists, a swiftly-running brook may still be produced wherever an underground stream or well is to be found; the water in such cases being pumped to the surface, either by a gas engine cunningly concealed in a small cavern, or by a windmill, which will in itself prove a pleasing adjunct to the landscape. Thus the same water may be utilised again and again, with charming effect, in the formation of miniature cascades and rock-bound streams, which may be spanned by a rustic bridge, or dotted here and there with picturesque stepping-stones.



A transformed meadow. Formerly simply a field with a stream flowing through it, it is now a veritable Paradise.

The essence of the rockworker's craft, and the secret of his success may be summed up in the one word "irregularity." Even where natural stone is being dealt with, it is a difficult matter to arrange the rocks in that artistic confusion which is Nature's

own copyright, a copyright, too, which demands the exercise of real art for its successful infringement.

Straight streams, circular ponds, and parallel garden paths are to be avoided; they are not only inartistic and unnatural, but they also tend to dwarf the landscape by revealing its real extent at a single glance.

A winding pathway or watercourse, on the other hand, may be so manipulated as to confuse the onlooker's ideas of perspective, and produce a fresh surprise at every turn. Several of the pictures which illustrate this article will give the impression of an extent of scenery which is somewhat deceptive and fictitious—it is an illusion, certainly, but an illusion which is based upon reality, and one which Nature herself, in her gayest and most charming of moods, frequently produces.

A stream in the making. In a little while the verdure on its banks will have grown, thus completing the illusion. All the cascades are artificial

In the grounds of many country-houses artificial watercourses are to be found; yet how few of the owners realise the possibilities of such features or the effect to be gained by their skilful treatment!

Caverns of the most romantic type are frequently built to order; and these may be utilised for a variety of purposes. From a scenic standpoint, a properly-constructed cave, complete with dripping well and stalactites, is infinitely more pleasing to the eye than either a wooden summer-house or a rustic arbour, which may also form the retreat of numerous obnoxious insects. As a shelter for boats, too, a cavern is much more likely to harmonise with the natural environment of a lake than is the orthodox boat-house of wood or corrugated iron. Aquatic caves have also been built for the accommodation of ducks and waterfowl.

Caverns for the conservatory or garden are frequently constructed of Tufa rock, a light stone which is peculiarly adaptable to stalactitic formations, and with the introduction of mirrors into its walls a very small cave may easily be made to appear much more extensive than it really is.

Some of the most charming of our natural caverns have been duplicated in this way, and that at a cost which is not nearly so great as might appear at first sight. A garden cavern may be built at an outlay of but little more than that which is entailed in the construction of a better-class summer-house.

Without greatly taxing the imagination of the reader, the photographs which illustrate this article will abundantly prove to what extent the beauty of a rocky stream is enhanced when the artificial boulders are clothed with quickly growing verdure and foliage, the existence of which is so essential to a proper appreciation of the rock-worker's art.

We are indebted to Messrs. Pulham and Sons, of London, for our photographs and much of the information contained in this article.

The Secretary of State's Partner

The Story of a Political Romance.

By Owen Oliver.

It was not Lord Ivelton who made the mistake which almost turned out the Government, but Miss Ferrers. He and she were Secretary of State for Commerce at the time. Other people did not know of the partnership. They thought she was only his private secretary—a *private* private secretary, who worked at his house, not at the office.

They had not always been partners. She began with him as a shorthand-typist. He was an Under-Secretary then—thanks to the influence of his father, the duke—and he only dealt with minor matters; the shoals of absurd little complaints and unreasonable requests that pour into a Government office, by the back stairs, and the foolish questions that foolish members of Parliament ask.

Lord Ivelton was a very able man, and he had a natural gift of oratory. He was also industrious when he was interested; but these trivial complaints and questions did not interest him in the least. He did not care two straws whether the Inspectorship of Hams at Ruralcot went to the nominee of Mr. Jones, M.P., or to the nominee of Mr. Smith, M.P. He was equally indifferent to the questions of Mr. Fussington, M.P., who wanted to know how many eggs were laid per annum in the United Kingdom, and what percentage were addled, and whether the Government proposed to take any steps in the matter. So he let the officials of the department deal with these matters, and devoted himself to writing political polemics. He preferred to dictate his articles, and he employed Miss Ferrers.

Miss Ferrers was the daughter of a learned scholar who died penniless. She had been educated by her father, and for five years before his death she had helped him with his works, which were mainly upon statistics. Lord Ivelton soon found out that she had just that knowledge of facts and figures which he lacked, and that it was no toil, but a pleasure to her to supply them.

She began by finding out those which he asked for. She went on to suggest the facts and figures that he ought to want. She ended by providing them unasked. She was intelligent enough to give him only such as would fit in with his theories. She knew that it was waste of time to offer him any others, because he wouldn't use them.

Lord Ivelton was not the man to make use of another's brains without payment. He engaged another typist for the drudgery, employed Miss Ferrers as a secretary, and increased her salary, till, privately, she regarded herself as grossly overpaid. Her great rise followed the debate on the Steel Tax, which made Lord Ivelton's reputation as a financier. The question had to be discussed as a matter of figures, and he was dissatisfied with the statistics which his department gave him. They were "most convincing," he told Miss Ferrers with a laugh, only they proved the exact opposite of what he wanted to prove.

"There must be some that prove the other thing," he said. "There are always figures to prove anything!"

This was two hours before the debate, and in the meantime Miss Ferrers produced several pages of figures arranged to lead to his conclusion.

"I warn you," she told him, "that there are many others, and that they are all against your view."

"Then they ought to be burnt," said Lord Ivelton calmly, "because my view is right. By Jove! I never knew how right it was till I saw

these figures! Miss Ferrers, you're wonderful. If I get this through the House, the credit will be yours. You're more than a secretary. You're a partner. We'll draw up a deed of partnership to-morrow. Good-bye, and many thanks." Then he rushed off to the House of Commons.

Miss Ferrers thought at the time that he was joking; but he returned to the subject the next morning, when all the Government papers were lauding him for his grasp of figures, and the Opposition papers were quoting vainly the mass of ill-arranged statistics that nobody would listen to. "It isn't the figures that count, in politics, but the way you use them.

"You scored a great success last night, partner," he said gaily. "Now, about this Ivelton & Company. It ought to be Ferrers & Company, but I can't help taking the title *rôle*. No, I'm not joking. Let's sit down and discuss it seriously."

"One cannot discuss a jest seriously," Miss Ferrers protested; but she took the chair he offered and listened obediently. If your employer pays you well he is entitled to his jest.

Miss Ferrers considered the matter thoughtfully.

"I want to be a Cabinet Minister," Lord Ivelton said, raising his eyebrows a little, and shrugging his shoulders at himself; "and I want to be one while I am young and headstrong, and can only see one side of a question. Either side is better than a compromise! The next vacancy will be the Secretaryship of State for Commerce. I've brains enough to be a Cabinet Minister—Heaven knows it doesn't need much!—and I can speak, and manage men. Unfortunately the post demands more than this. The Secretary must be a man of facts and figures. I'm not. You are!"

"My lord," Miss Ferrers protested, with one of her rare smiles, "I thought I was very feminine!"

"Certainly," Lord Ivelton agreed; "but you are a born statistician."

"My facts and figures are at your service," Miss Ferrers assured him. "You have been very liberal to me, also very kind. If I can help you to get into the Cabinet I shall be very glad."

"Thank you; but I won't go into the Cabinet by your charity, Miss Ferrers. I am only half a Cabinet Minister. You are the other half. Ivelton & Company can be the Minister for Commerce. Ivelton alone can't. It is for you to decide whether we shall go into the Cabinet. Will you accept the partnership?"

"You are talking nonsense, Lord Ivelton," said Miss Ferrers.

"Very likely," his lordship agreed. "I often do. But I mean it. I won't take the reward of your work. I don't ask you to take the reward of mine. What I propose is that we shall earn success together and share it. If you won't go into partnership I will never use another figure of yours. You know that if I have no other virtue I have that of obstinacy. Now, will you accept the partnership?"

"I can't," Miss Ferrers protested. "I'm not worth it; really, I am not worth it."

"You won't?"

"No, my lord."

"Then," Lord Ivelton sighed, or pretended to sigh, "you've ruined my political career. The next debate will expose me as a statistician. I shan't wait for a failure, but resign at once. I think I'll try the backwoods."

"I—I shall be sorry, my lord," said Miss Ferrers, "because——"

"Because Othello's occupation will be gone," Lord Ivelton suggested. "*You* are Othello, Miss Ferrers, if you'll pardon the comparison."

Miss Ferrers considered the matter thought-

fully, staring at the wall with wide-open eyes. They were big blue eyes, and she had a pretty face, though a little too grave, and a little too regular. It is possible that these qualities may have influenced his lordship in making his offer, for we are all human, even Cabinet Ministers in embryo.

"I have my mother to keep," she said at length. "I can't afford to sacrifice my place because you are so—so Quixotic. I should be very sorry if you failed for want of my help. I have begun to look upon your success as—well, to have a certain feeling of partnership."

"Good!" cried Lord Ivelton with sudden animation.

"You are quite clever enough to supply your own facts and figures, if you choose; or——"

"I don't choose," Lord Ivelton pronounced decisively.

"Or you could engage someone else who would supply you with facts and figures, as I do."

"No!" Lord Ivelton fixed her with his eyes and shook his finger at her. "No! You know I couldn't. Miss Ferrers, you are the daughter and pupil of the greatest statistician of the age, and you know all the people in the field. Honestly, is there anyone available who could do for me what you do? Anyone on whom you yourself would rely blindly for your facts and figures?"

"No," said Miss Ferrers emphatically, "I wouldn't."

She inherited her father's feud with statisticians generally.

"Then," said Lord Ivelton, "it's a partnership. Half-and-half."

"No, no," cried Miss Ferrers. "I'll take a quarter. That will give me my present salary while you're in your present post, and——"

"It must be half," declared his lordship.

"A quarter," insisted Miss Ferrers.

After an hour's wrangle they agreed to a third. He wrote a little memorandum recording the bargain, and they both signed it. That was the story of the partnership.

According to the article of agreement Lord Ivelton settled the policy of the company and supplied the political arguments, and Miss Ferrers supplied facts and figures to support his views. He never questioned her facts, or she his theories. They had got into the habit of thinking each other right.

It was a paragraph in a Society paper which had upset her.

Perhaps that was why the partnership succeeded as it did. Lord Ivelton speedily acquired the reputation of being the first financier of the day, and, just after the first anniversary of the company's formation, he was appointed Minister for Commerce.

He — or the company — had filled the post with credit for a year, when a great debate occurred upon the fiscal policy of the Government. It was sprung upon them unexpectedly, and the Opposition produced some unexpected statistics. Lord Ivelton put up some private members to talk time away, and sent a messenger post-haste to Miss Ferrers, who was working out the tariff for the new Anglo-French Commercial Treaty.

Miss Ferrers was a trifle out of sorts that afternoon; in fact she had been crying a little. It was a paragraph in a Society paper which had upset her. She threw the paper aside when the message came, and snatched some

big books from the shelves. In some cases she marked the figures with crosses and stuck in a slip of paper to call his attention to them; in other cases she copied out figures from different books, and arranged them according to their bearing upon the subject. In one case—and the line which the debate took made this the important one—she inverted two columns of figures.

An hour and a half later she had a telegram.

"They say figures about German trade, statement 5, all wrong."

She looked at her copy and telegraphed back:

"Gave German figures for English and *vice versâ*. Mistake inexcusable. I resign."

Then she went home. She did not sleep all night. She went downstairs in her dressing-gown before the maids were up (they kept two now owing to her large income from the partnership) to get the morning paper. She saw "Defeat of the Government" in huge letters among the headlines. Lord Ivelton had owned frankly that he had made a mistake and transposed two columns of figures; but the Opposition had accused him of deliberate breach of faith. The Government was stopping in, the paper said, but Lord Ivelton had resigned.

Miss Ferrers was pale and heavy-eyed that morning, and she spoke without looking up when Lord Ivelton entered.

"I thought you might want me till—till you got someone else," she said. "Please do not reproach me. Nothing could add to my regret."

"I had no idea of reproaching you," said Lord Ivelton. "As for the partnership, there are, of course, no profits to divide now that I have resigned. So we must make a fresh arrangement."

Miss Ferrers gave a little cry.

"Oh!" she cried. "You don't think it's *that?* I would work for you for nothing if I could make it up that way. It's—don't you see, I looked upon it as a partnership, and you have to bear the failure, and it's mine—*mine!* It isn't only that. I knew I only supplied what anyone could, and the success was yours—ought to be yours—but I was so proud of it, and now——"

"Hush!" said Lord Ivelton. "Don't cry, there's a good—a good little partner. It's almost worth the bother to know that you thought of it like that. What a loyal little thing you are! Now sit down and let me talk to you."

He helped her gently to a chair.

"Do you know," he said, "I sometimes thought there was just one thing wanting in our partnership—only one. You supplied figures and things—wonderful things that I could never have found out, and figures that threw a light on everything—but you didn't seem to care about the ends that I used them for; the ends that I fought for and dreamt about."

"I didn't," said Miss Ferrers fiercely. "I don't! I cared about helping you! And you haven't even reproached me. It would be easier to bear if you had."

"There is no reproaching between partners," said Lord Ivelton, "partners who're loyal to each other, like we've been. You don't reproach me when I do my part of the business badly. I often do. In our partnership——"

"Don't talk of it," she begged. "I can't bear to think of it now it's all over."

"Over?" said Lord Ivelton. "Why?"

Miss Ferrers looked up quickly.

"You said that you'd resigned."

"Yes, I've resigned; but"—he set himself squarely—"but I'm not going to give up politics—the company isn't, I mean. We're going to fight our way back, you and I."

Miss Ferrers rose and steadied herself with one hand on the table. She smiled faintly.

"You will fight your way back, my lord," she said. "I am sure—*sure!* You are a brave man and a good. I have always known that—always been proud of—of—my partner—always been proud to help you. I wish I could go on helping you; but I can't. You will learn to rely on yourself now, my lord; and that is better. The partnership is over."

"But——"

Miss Ferrers held up her hand.

"My decision is final."

They looked fairly at one another for a full minute; firm blue eyes, and firm grey eyes.

"At least," he said quietly, "I may ask the reason."

"I cannot tell you."

"It is not because you think I should trust you less?"

"No, my lord. In spite of my mistake, I deserve your trust."

"You have it. You must tell me—partner!"

"I cannot—I cannot. Do not hurt me by asking again."

"Is it on account of this mistake? Tell me that."

"It is not," she confessed.

"Will nothing persuade you to reconsider

your decision? I won't say that I couldn't do your part of the work, because—because I won't own that I can't do anything!" He set his mouth grimly for a moment. "I shall miss you very badly, Miss Ferrers, the next time I am in the Cabinet."

They looked at one another again, and she smiled a slow smile.

"I may feel differently, then," she said. "Yes. I will reconsider my decision, *if* you want me again—when you are again a Cabinet Minister. Good-bye—partner!"

The tears sprang to her eyes at the word. She turned away to hide them from the footman who brought a letter. Lord Ivelton laughed aloud and handed it to her. It was from the Prime Minister.

MY DEAR IVELTON

I can't hear of your resigning for a mere clerical mistake. No one really wishes it, not even the Opposition Onion himself has told me so. We all trust you, and are going to trust you. So let's hear no more about it.

Yours ever,
GRADBURY

Lord Ivelton tore the cutting savagely in two: and then he laughed.

"Oh!" cried Miss Ferrers. "I am glad—glad—*glad!* And everybody *does* trust you—*must* trust you."

"There is someone who doesn't trust me," said Lord Ivelton. "My partner, whom I thought trusted me most."

"Oh!" Miss Ferrers declared. "I *do!*"

"Then tell me."

"I can't—indeed I can't."

"You can." Lord Ivelton seized her arm in his eagerness. "You must, because—because I am going to trust you with everything, Marie. Will you be my partner—for life?"

Miss Ferrers sprang back from him.

"My lord!" she cried. "You have forgotten—this!"

She held out a cutting from the Society paper.

We are authorised to state that a marriage has been arranged between Lord Ivelton and the Hon. Margaret Eastering.

Lord Ivelton tore the cutting savagely in two; and then he laughed.

"It is corrected this morning," he said. "It is my brother that she is engaged to!—Marie! Little partner?"

"I—I will help you with—with the—the figures and things," Miss Ferrers laughed tremulously; and Lord Ivelton caught her in his arms.

• • •

So Ivelton & Co. went back into the Cabinet; and people say that some day he will be Prime Minister.

"I am quite sure you will be," Lady Ivelton told him only yesterday; and he laughed and pulled her hair.

"You and I will be, you mean," he corrected.

Lady Ivelton looked up at him and laughed. She is not nearly so grave as she used to be, and the papers describe her as singularly charming.

"And baby!" she suggested. "I am *sure* he will be a financier. He was reckoning up his blocks yesterday. He can count up to six, Frank—*really!*"

"Ah!" said Lord Ivelton. "Ye-es. I suppose baby comes into it. It is the figures in a man's heart that tell. That is why I think I shall succeed—partner!"

Real Life Romances

Readers are Asked to Contribute to this Series. Payment is Made for all Accepted Contributions, which must be True, and Sub-stantiated by Names and Dates.

Dangling Over Death.

A COAL MINE ROMANCE.

THERE are numerous records of thrilling experiences and brave deeds in connection with coal mines, but this accident, which happened to a boy, is somewhat unique.

The hero of the incident is a pit boy in the Garth Colliery, situated at Maesteg, in South Wales.

His duty is to mind the trams on top of the pit and see that they run properly on to the cage, in which men and materials are lowered into the mine.

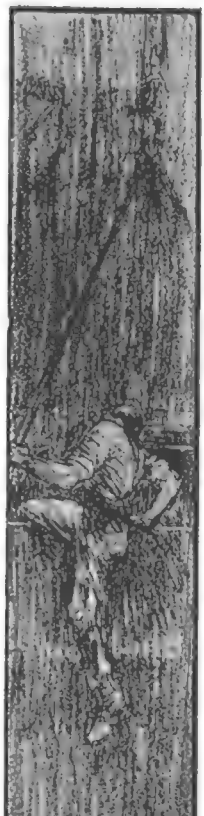
On the day when the accident occurred, the boy was at his post as usual. A cask of water, with a hose attached, had been sent up in a tram and placed on the cage, to be lowered for the use of the mine horses.

A portion of the hose was hanging over the side of the cage, and the lad, noticing this, considered that he would have ample time to put it right before the cage started on its downward journey. He stepped partly on to the cage, and stood with his right foot inside it, and his left on the staging at the pit head.

Suddenly the cage began to move.

The boy gripped a projecting portion of the cage, and clung to it, his left leg falling between the cage and the side of the shaft.

All might have gone well, but at a certain portion of the shaft the cage passes very close to some staging.



The unhappy boy in passing broke his leg

Against this the unhappy boy in passing broke his leg.

Though in the greatest agony, the boy hung on.

It was his only chance.

At this point, one of his companions saw what had happened. He signalled to the engine-man to stop the cage, and it was brought to a standstill one hundred and thirty yards from the starting point, with some suddenness.

The jerk caused the boy's left hand, by which he was clinging, to become jammed in the ropes by which the cage is worked.

He dared not let go, although in intense pain. His broken leg prevented him from climbing into the cage.

How was he to be rescued?

It was impossible to bring the cage to the surface again, since the boy's leg would catch in the staging which had already broken it, and he might be dashed to the foot of the shaft.

The difficulty was solved by a cool-headed pitman.

He climbed down the guide ropes and pulled the suffering lad into the cage.

Both were then brought to the surface, when the lad's injuries were attended to.

He said that he was not frightened, although he hung over a shaft three hundred yards deep.

He knew exactly what was happening, and remembers everything that took place.

Two Narrow Escapes.

A ROMANCE OF COINCIDENCE.

THERE is little profit in attempting to explain coincidences. They must of necessity be accepted as they occur; but, as the following romance shows, they are sometimes of an extraordinary nature.

The incidents about to be related happened in the career of a Glasgow gentleman.

In a certain street of his native city a warehouse was being constructed. The usual embattlements and fortifications, so familiar to Londoners that are erected to prevent stray bricks from falling on passers-by, had been built up, and the warehouse was approaching completion.

The situation of the plot of ground on which it stood necessitated materials for its construction being brought in from the street, and, as the walls became higher, these materials were hoisted by means of a crane. They were suspended over the street until high enough in the air to avoid the fortifications mentioned above, and then swung into the half-finished warehouse.

It had occurred to many people that if the cable supporting the material hoisted were to break, pedestrians in the street would suffer some discomfort and inconvenience.

Many people had given expression to this thought before the day on which the Glasgow gentleman chanced to pass down that street on a horse-drawn tramcar.

As this vehicle approached the warehouse, a heavy load of bricks was being hoisted. The Glasgow gentleman watched the proceedings from the tramcar, vaguely wondering what he would look like if the rope were to break and allow the bricks to fall on him as he passed by.

It alighted on our hero's felt hat and lost no time in exploding.

Suddenly the tram horses bolted.

They tore madly past the warehouse.

Just as they had gone by, the rope supporting the bricks snapped!

Several people, on hearing of the accident, remarked: "I told you it would happen."

* * *

Some years later, on Mafeking Day, mild excitement pervaded Glasgow.

Our hero happened to be passing the warehouse, now completed, where he had previously had such a fortunate escape from death.

Suddenly, some enthusiast ignited and flung a dangerously explosive firework.

It alighted on our hero's felt hat and lost no time in exploding, just above his left eye.

He was dazed and blinded by the shock, and it was some time before he recovered.

It was found that a hole the size of a shilling had been blown in the hat, and the young man's forehead had been considerably burnt.

If the explosive had burst a few inches further back, a fatal result would have ensued.

Thus, at the same spot, and, curiously enough, almost at the same hour of the day, the Glasgow gentleman had two marvellous escapes from an early grave.

He is now extremely nervous when passing down the particular street in which they occurred.

He never enters it unless absolutely compelled, and until he escapes he wears a worried look.

The Madness of Grenardi.

HOW A BABY'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

IN the St. Germain quarter of Paris stands a certain small-house. Here, until within a few months, lived Monsieur Grenardi and his wife. Grenardi had not always lived under such humble tiles. Too well could he remember the time when the dullest day had opened fair in his eyes.

Those days! The thought of them was as a nightmare. Those days! when prosperity had played about him; when his neighbours had regarded him with envy, and called him "the wealthy merchant," where were they now—gone; his riches gambled and lost in speculation.

Nightly he started up in sleep, shuddering at the cruel imagery of his past. Daily he sat alone, or wandered far abroad, or paced the little dining-room, racked deeply in his misery. His eyes looked into space. Even the appealing gaze of his wife, or the cry from the tiny cradle at his bedside scarcely roused him from his apathy.

The past must be recalled. His wife and he must once more live in the *grande maison* from which his debts had driven him. Such was the purport of his thoughts.

Time crept on. Grenardi brooded deeply. When would the great thought, that would restore the past, come to him? His head ached, and his hair hung wildly about his neck. Then one day, like a lightning flash in a black cloud, the idea came.

Treasure! There was heaps of treasure — somewhere. Yes, he knew; *Le diable* had promised to show him where. But *Le diable* wanted a price. He wanted the blood of a little child. He should have it. *Le diable* should be paid!

He plunged the dagger twice into the . . . form beneath the tiny quilt.

Filled with this hallucination, Grenardi quietly rose from his bed. Opening a drawer, he withdrew a small dagger, and crept stealthily towards the cradle.

"The treasure, it will be mine," he cried in a frenzy. And, turning aside his head, he plunged the dagger twice into the gently breathing form beneath the tiny quilt.

Awakened by his cries, the poor mother rushed forward, and attempted to wrest the dagger from her husband.

"The treasure! *Monsieur Le Diable* will give it to me now," the madman cried, with eyes upon the red-dyed cradle. He raised his voice until it sounded loudly in the streets below.

Voices called for admittance at his front door. But he did not heed Then the lock burst open. A dozen startled neighbours broke into the room, and, struggling fiercely, Grenardi was borne to the ground.

Beside her baby's cradle his wife knelt. Her lips were white, and a shudder shook her frame. Suddenly, as if determining to brave the worst of her misery, she pulled back the clothes, and snatched her baby in her arms. It opened its eyes dreamily, and smiled at her.

Her greatest treasure was still left to her, untouched, unharmed. But, presently, from beneath the quilt, Grenardi's pet cat, wounded, and bathed in blood, crept out painfully.

It was the cat that had received the madman's blows, as it lay sleeping with the baby in the cradle.

Strangely enough, the cat survived its injuries.

Then her eyes lighted on the mysterious parcel lying in the middle of the table.

The Deserted Baby.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT FROM FRANCE.

NOT many months ago, a handsome motor-car entered the little town of Ploumeor-Trez. In it was seated a man with a pretty girl at his side, who held in her arms a somewhat bulky parcel.

The car slowed down, and the man cast an anxious glance behind him. The narrow street was deserted. A small house caught his eye, and he drew up.

Springing out he knocked impatiently on the door. Then, receiving no answer, he turned the handle and entered.

Evidently no one was within.

Satisfied that this was so, the man returned to the car, and, taking the parcel from the girl, he again hastened to the cottage.

Five minutes later the same car was speeding at forty miles an hour along the road to Brest.

* * * * *

A poorly-clad woman entered the little cottage. As she did so, a strange cry fell on her ears. She glanced around, wondering whence it proceeded.

Then her eyes lighted on the mysterious parcel lying in the middle of the table.

What did it contain? It was beyond disproving that the strange sound proceeded from its loosely-tied folds.

She pulled back the paper covering, then stepped a pace backwards in surprise.

A little baby gazed with eyes wide open from within.

Consternation now filled the poor woman. Whose child was this? Who had so cruelly attempted to burden her with still another mouth? Filled with anger, she summoned her neighbours.

"Someone has left the child here and will call for it again," one suggested.

The thought appeased the indignant woman, and she laid the child, still in its strange cradle, on the mat before the fire.

The afternoon passed, yet no one had come to claim the baby, who slept in happy unconsciousness of the stir its presence was creating. Towards evening one of the neighbours called to inquire what the woman intended to do with the child.

"Nothing," she replied, and tearfully related her own poverty.

"Then I will take the baby," said the neighbour, as a plaintive wail issued from the paper parcel.

With the baby in her arms, the woman proceeded to her house. Then, a thought coming to her mind, she decided to examine its clothing for any marks that might trace its parentage. One glance at the fine material told her that this was no child of common people. And with indignation at its heartless parents she proceeded with her investigation.

A bundle of folded papers fell into her hand. A letter! perhaps an explanation?

The woman read—what was this? A note for a thousand francs—not one! but—ten—twenty—more still—forty—fifty notes—each one for a thousand francs.

Then the woman knew that no one would reclaim the child.

Suspended in Mid-Air.

AN ALPINE ROMANCE.

FROM a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, amid the Italian Alps, the Boucier Peak looks down.

Its crest has never yet been trodden by the foot of any human being. The finest climbers have attempted in vain to reach its summit, for the last two hundred yards of the mountain rise like a dome. There is not the slightest hand or foothold to assist the mountaineer.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, about a month ago Lieutenants Menotti and Roissard, of the Italian Alpine Regiment, and Mr. Walter Vollman, determined to scale the Boucier Peak.

The officers and men of the Alpine Regiment practically live among the Alps, and Mr. Vollman is an experienced Alpine climber, so the trio were confident that they would vanquish the hitherto unconquered peak.

Setting out from Torre Pellice, the headquarters of their regiment, the two lieutenants and their companion began their adventurous climb.

The task proved even harder than they anticipated.

Steeper and steeper frowned the heights above them. They were ascending from the south side of the mountain, which is its most dangerous approach.

Precipices yawned beneath the daring mountaineers. Now there was need of all their coolness and iron nerve. A single false step would launch them into eternity!

At last, after eight hours' climb, the three men arrived at the foot of the dome. Fatigued by their exertions they rested, and then roped themselves together.

Mr. Vollmann leading, followed first by Lieutenant Menotti and then by Lieutenant Roissard, the trio scaled a slope overhanging a gaping chasm.

They were now so cramped that no two of them could have held a third had he fallen. Four times in this perilous position did Mr. Vollmann attempt to pass a spot one hundred and fifty yards from the summit, and four times he failed.

The trio then returned to the foot of the dome.

"Let us make one more effort," said Lieutenant Roissard.

Accordingly, they again climbed to the spot they had recently descended from—a little ledge on which a goat could scarcely have stood. Suddenly Mr. Vollmann, the leader, slipped and fell.

Panic gripped his companions.

Then, like a flash, Lieutenant Menotti, bracing himself against the mountain side, caught hold of the rope between himself and the falling man, and held him thus.

Mr. Vollmann had been stunned by the fall. The strain on Lieutenant Menotti was frightful; but, being a strong man, he sustained his companion's weight, and dragged him back to the ledge. The three men eventually reached Torre Pelice in safety.

In all the records of Alpine climbing, perhaps no party of climbers has ever been in quite such a desperate position as Lieutenant Menotti and his friends were, and they are to be congratulated on their escape.

Lieutenant Menotti . . . caught hold of the rope between himself and the falling man, and held him thus.

MR. —HIS PAGES.

I love to cause perplexity,
I love to make you merry be,
So I, with much dexterity,
Catch, puzzle, make you laugh.

I make my pages full of pranks,
Amuse the wise, and catch the cranks,
And all I ask, by way of thanks,
Is just to make you laugh.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or Royal Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Substitution.

In the word "end," "Mr. X" discovers that by substituting for each of its letters, in the order they stand, the letter next following it in the alphabet, another word is obtained, namely, "foe."

Convinced that there must be many other words capable of being similarly treated, "Mr. X" hereby offers a prize of Five Shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best example. Puzzle penknives, purses, and packs of Royal playing-cards will also be awarded at "Mr. X's" discretion.

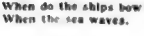
Answers, marked on the outside, "Substitution," should be addressed "Mr. X," care of The Royal Magazine, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must reach him by April 20th.

Simply Marvellous.

Higher: "I've just heard an awfully good story about Maskelyne, the famous conjurer. He was lunching with a friend at a country inn, and as they waited for their food, pointed out that his friend was letting his watch-chain hang very insecurely. The friend laughed and declined to fasten it any better. A moment after he found that both watch and chain had gone. Just then the waiter brought in a pork-pie. Maskelyne cut it open, and what do you think was inside?"

Plier: "The watch and chain! By Jove, that was ——"

Higher: "No. Pork!"



Q. When do the ships bow?
A. When the sea waves.

A Lover's Lament.

Here are some more verses constructed on the same principle as the "Soldier's Epitaph" recently in "Mr. X's" pages. A young lady was puzzling her brains to discover a cypher for a competition. Her lover, trying to help her, wrote as follows. The last line is particularly good:

U o for a o,
But I o thee;
Oh, o no o,
But only for me.
Let not my o a small o go,
But give o o I o thee so.

The solution is:

You sigh for a cypher,
But I sigh for thee;
Oh, sigh for no cypher,
But only for me.
Let not my sigh for a small cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so.

Q. What insect lives on nothing?
A. A moth—it eats holes.

The Fradulent Island.

Alfred: "You live in the Isle of Wight, don't you?"

Augustus: "Yes."

Alfred: "It's the biggest fraud in the kingdom, that place."

Augustus (indignantly): "What do you mean?"

Alfred: "Why it has Cowes that give no milk, Needles you can't thread, and Freshwater you can't drink."

Circling the Circle.

Required: To trace this diagram without lifting the pencil from the paper or going over the same line or point twice.

Domestic Trouble.

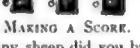
[Nervous people or those with weak hearts should not read this.—Ed. Royal.]

Master X: "Father, can you tell me why a chicken hanging its head down is like a week to-day?"

"Mr. X": "No, my boy, I cannot, because it isn't."

Master X: "Oh, yes; because its neck's weak."

[Sent to a reformatory.]

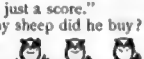


Making a Score.

"How many sheep did you buy to-day?" said Tommy, the farmer's son, to his father.

"Well, let's see what they teach you at school," replied the farmer. "If I had as many more as I have, and half as many more as I have, and two-and-a-half more as well, I should have just a score."

How many sheep did he buy?



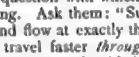
Q. Why is an industrious tailor never at home?

A. Because he is always cutting out.

Simple Addition.

In a recent Royal "Mr. X" showed how to add the figures 1 to 9 so as to total 100. Here is another method:

$$\begin{array}{r} 95\ \tfrac{3}{6} \\ 4\ \tfrac{1}{2} \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$



Puzzling.

Here is a question with which to set your friends arguing. Ask them: "Supposing the tide to ebb and flow at exactly the same rate, does a ship travel faster *through the water* with the tide or against the tide?"

"Mr. X" will be glad to receive arguments in support of either theory.

Unbeatable.

Smith Minor: "My father's got a horse that always comes in first whenever it races."

Brown Minor: "Jolly good!"

Smith Minor: "Oh, I don't know; most horses do, I think."

Brown Minor: "How can every horse come in first, you idiot?"

Smith Minor: "*Head* first, I mean. Didn't I say that?"

Shorthand.

Express the phrase "Have I enough strength?" in seven letters—**amiable** (Am I able?).

Clothes Catches.

Bright: "Do you know which way takes the longest time to get out of your clothes?"

Brown: "N-no."

Bright: "Grow out of them."

Brown: "H'm; I hate catches; but, as you've started it, do you know what is the *quickest* way of getting *into* your clothes?"

Bright: "N-no."

Brown: "Don't dawdle over it, that's all."

Bright: "Oh!"

Q. Why are novelists the most remarkable of all animals?

A. Because their tales (tails) come out of their heads!

RESULTS.

"Rhymeless."—In the December Royal, "Mr. X" offered a prize of Five Shillings for what he considered the best list of words having no rhymes. The lists were not nearly so numerous as usual; "Mr. X" attributes this to the greater attraction of Christmas festivities. One competitor assured "Mr. X" that there was a good rhyme to every single word in the British language, and proved this by giving rhymes to all the words which "Mr. X" had thought impossible. Here, for example, was her rhyme to "microcosm"—

"A poor microcosm
Crept into my bosom."

"Mr. X" sympathises deeply, but he assures her that the rhyme is very, very poor. The prize is awarded to Mr. Audley Drake, care of H. Bannister, Esq., Rivercollege, Wivelsea. Packets containing packs of Royal Playing Cards go to Miss Marie Curtis, Braemar, Nethersall Gardens, Hampstead, and to Mr. Alex. O. Scott, Auterawey, Milton of Campsie, by Glasgow.

Circling the Circle:—

Making a Score.—Seven.

For "Mr. X's" Address-Book.—In the January Royal "Mr. X" offered a prize of Five Shillings for what he considered the best "triple address." The winner is Mr. Bernard E. Jull, High Street, Maidenhead, Kent. Puzzle penknives or packs of Royal playing cards are awarded to Mr. E. R. Hudson, Cheltenham Boot Warehouse, Cheltenham; Mr. Vicarage, Chislehigh, N. Devon; Mr. R. Bolton, 61, Manor Road, Wallington, Surrey; and to Mr. W. Murray, 91, Wilton Street, Glasgow. Next month "Mr. X" hopes to puzzle his readers with one or two of these new additions to his address-book.

PETER'S PROPOSALS

A Farcical Comedy in One Act.

By O. PERCY MARTIN.

CHARACTERS:

CHARLES HALSE—*A country gentleman.*
GEORGE GRAHAM—*A novelist.*
REV. PETER SIMPSON—*A curate.*
MAY HALSE—*Daughter of Charles Halse.*
ELLA MAYFIELD—*Niece of Charles Halse.*
JANE—*A servant.*

TIME—*The Present.*

SCENE—CHARLES HALSE'S *Drawing-room.* (*Door on R., French windows at back C. opening on to garden. Prettily furnished with chairs, tables, piano, etc. On one of the tables stands a bowl of red and white roses.*) *It is a fine June morning, the French windows stand open.* MAY *is playing on the piano as the curtain rises. Presently a whistle is heard off, at back; she gets up from the piano and goes over to the window and looks out. She beckons, and* GEORGE GRAHAM *enters cautiously.* MAY *shuts the window, and then* GEORGE *draws her to him and kisses her.*

MAY. What are you doing here at this early hour?

GEO. I slept at my uncle's, you know, last night, and as I was passing here just now on my way back from the station, I heard someone playing the piano. Knowing that it must be you I jumped over the fence, and here I am.

MAY. Which was a very silly thing to do.

GEO. Aren't you pleased to see me, then?

MAY. Yes, of course. I'm always pleased to see you, but it's so dangerous. Suppose father had seen you climbing over the fence.

GEO. But he didn't. I took good care of that.

MAY. Or suppose it had been my cousin Ella who was playing, what then?

GEO. I knew she had gone home, though.

MAY. Well, you knew wrong, then. She did not go, after all, and is going to stay now till next week. If she had found you creeping in here like a thief ——

GEO. (*interrupting*). But she did not. What's the use of all this "supposing"? I'm here, and no one knows; what more is necessary?

MAY (*soothingly*). Nothing, dear; it's only because I'm so nervous. You see, not a soul knows we are engaged. If only there were some hope of father being more reasonable! I daren't tell him.

GEO. Poor little May! I'm so sorry, and it's all my fault, too, because he thinks my position is not settled enough. Of course, I admit that writing short stories for the magazines is not a very lucrative job, or a

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very fixed one. Still, I am getting enough to keep you, if we start very quietly. That's why I came in this morning to know if you have been thinking about my plan.

MAY. I've hardly done anything but think about it since first you suggested it.

GEO. (*eagerly*). Well, and what have you decided to do?

MAY (*sadly*). I'm afraid it's awfully wrong of me to deceive father, but I *will* marry you, George.

GEO. (*taking her in his arms and kissing her*). My darling! (*tenderly*) Don't be unhappy, it will all come right. As soon as we are married, we will tell your father, and I am sure that he is much too sensible to make a fuss.

MAY (*brightening up*). Do you really think so?

GEO. Yes, I do. I am sure that he will see that if we are really married, nothing he says can make any difference. We shall have to start in a very humble way, I'm afraid.

MAY (*brightly*). Yes, but it won't prevent us being ever so happy?

GEO. Of course not, and then I shall work awfully hard, and perhaps I shall become successful.

MAY. I am sure you will if it depends on hard work. By the way, how about your book which you sent up to those publishers last month?

GEO. I've not had it back yet; they are keeping it a long time, but I'm afraid it will be returned in the end. However, we will hope for the best. At the present moment, I feel perfectly happy, because the dearest little girl in the world will soon be my own little wife.

MAY. How soon, George?

GEO. That's for you to arrange. The sooner the better, I say. I shall have to get a special license, and I have a brilliant idea.

MAY (*eagerly*). What is it?

GEO. We will ask Peter Simpson to marry us.

MAY. That will be much better than having someone we don't know.

GEO. That's what I thought. We shall have to impress upon him the need of secrecy, though. Do you think he will do it?

MAY. Oh, yes, I'm sure he will. Why, after Lucy Turnbull's wedding last year, I told him that I thought he had married them so beautifully, and so he said that he would always be delighted to do the same for me whenever I had occasion to get married myself.

GEO. That will be all right, then. I expect he will demur a little at the secrecy. If so, you must remind him of his promise.

MAY. I will.

GEO. Now, darling, I will be off. I must go home and see if there are any letters for me, and then I'll go straight off and ask Peter if he will marry us.

MAY. That will do very well. Now, I think you had better make haste. I can hear Ella moving about upstairs, so she is sure to be coming down here directly.

GEO. Good-bye, then. (*After kissing her,* GEORGE *opens the window, steps out quietly, and disappears.* MAY *remains at the window for a few moments, looking after him. She turns back into the room as* ELLA *enters.*)

MAY. Hullo! Do you feel rested now?

ELLA. Yes, thanks to your sending up my breakfast to me in bed.

MAY. I thought you would prefer it there, you seemed so fearfully tired last night.

ELLA. I was. Didn't you feel tired too?

MAY. Oh, no. You see, I am used to going for long "bike" rides, and ours yesterday was nothing out of the way. (*After a pause.*) That letter for you this morning was not from your brother, was it?

ELLA (*hesitatingly*). N—no. It was from Mr. Simpson.

MAY (*astonished*). What! from Peter Simpson! (ELLA *nods.*) Whatever has he got to write to you about?

ELLA (*after some hesitation*). He wants me to marry him.

MAY (*very astonished*). Good gracious!

ELLA (*drawing herself up*). I don't see why that should be so very wonderful.

MAY (*apologetically*). Of course not. I am very glad. It took me by surprise, though. You see, I have known Peter so long; in fact, I cannot recollect the time when I did not know him. I suppose he wrote to you because he was too nervous to ask you. Personally, I think I should have preferred him to ask me.

ELLA (*startled*). What! You wish he had asked you to marry him?

MAY. No, no. What I meant was, if a man were in love with me, I should prefer him to tell me himself instead of writing it.

ELLA. Would you? I think it is much nicer having it in a letter. You see, I can keep it, and——

MAY (*interrupting*). I don't think you will have any need to make use of it. I am quite sure Peter won't try to back out of it.

May. Hullo! Do you feel rested now?

MAY. Ever since I can remember. He used to be such a dear little boy, though. I was awfully fond of him. I can remember quite well telling him one day that I loved him, and he said (*imitating stammer*): "W-w-well, M-May, w-w-when I am a m-m-man I w-will m-m-marry you."

ELLA (*coldly*). How interesting! May I ask when this took place?

MAY (*laughing*). You silly girl, I think he was about eight and I six. I should not let that worry you. (*Kissing her.*) I hope you will be awfully happy though.

ELLA. I never said as yet that I was going to marry him.

MAY (*earnestly*). But you mean to say "yes," don't you?

ELLA. I think so. Wouldn't you?

MAY. Most certainly. When are you going to give him your answer?

ELLA (*indignantly*). You know that is not what I meant. You don't suppose, do you, if he did try to "back out of it," as you put it, that I should make use of his letter to influence him in any way?

MAY (*calming her*). Of course not, dear. (*Laughing.*) Just fancy, suing Peter for breach of promise! Wouldn't it be fun? I can just imagine how nervous he would be. It's a great pity he stammers, though.

ELLA. Has he always done so?

ELLA. He said he would come up some time to-day for it.

MAY (*changing subject*). Now, what do you say to a game of tennis?

ELLA. I should like one very much.

MAY. I'll go and fetch the racquets, then. (*Exit.*)

ELLA (*musing*). I do believe May is jealous, or why should she have said such horrid things? Can she be in love with him herself, I wonder. Oh, I hope not. (*She*

takes a letter from her pocket, opens it, and reads:) "If you will consent to be my wife, will you please wear a red rose, so that, if I cannot see you alone when I call, I shall, however, know my answer as soon as I set eyes on you." (*She kisses letter and returns it to her pocket, then, while humming, "Oh, my love is like a red, red rose," she goes over to the bowl of roses and picks out a red one. She is just going to pin it in her dress when* CHARLES HALSE *enters.* ELLA *looks up and runs over to him and kisses him.*) Good morning, uncle.

HALSE. Good morning, my dear (*looking at rose in her hand*), that's a nice rose you have there. What are you going to do with it?

ELLA. I was just about to pin it in my blouse.

HALSE. Don't you think it would look well in my coat?

ELLA. Not this one, uncle. I'm sure a white one will be much more suitable for you. (*She goes and picks out a white rose, which she pins in his coat, then she pins the red rose in her blouse.*)

HALSE (*kissing her*). Thank you, my dear. (MAY *enters with two tennis racquets.*)

MAY. Come on, Ella, before it gets too hot. (*The two girls go out through the window at back,* CHARLES HALSE *unfolds the paper which he has under his arm, and, drawing up a chair to the window, commences reading it, with his back to the door. He does not hear the door open, and* PETER SIDPSON *come in, followed by the servant,* JANE.)

JANE. Which of the young ladies do you wish to see, sir?

PETER (*who stammers terribly*). M-m-miss M-m-may——

JANE. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

PETER (*finishing*). M-may-field. I hope she knew whom I meant. (CHARLES HALSE *hears him, jumps up from his chair, and slaps Peter on the back.*)

HALSE. Hullo, Peter, my boy, how are you?

PETER (*turning round quickly*). Q-q-quite w-well, thank y-you.

HALSE. That's right. Anything I can do for you?

PETER. N-n-no, thanks.

HALSE (*poking him in the ribs*). Come to see the girls, eh?

PETER. N-n-no—that is, er y-yes.

HALSE. They are playing tennis in the garden. Will you go out, or shall I call them in?

PETER. D-d-don't trouble. I think the servant has g-g-gone t-to fetch them. (JANE *enters.*)

JANE. Miss May will be here in a few minutes, sir.

PETER. T-th-thank you. (*Exit* JANE.) (*Aside.*) C-con-found it! She thought I m-m-meant May.

HALSE (*drawing up chairs*). Better take a seat.

PETER. Th-thank you. (*They both sit down.*)

HALSE. Have you been following that breach of promise case of which the papers have been so full lately?

PETER. N-no, I c-can't say that I have.

HALSE (*laughing*). Not quite in your line, eh?

PETER. N-not quite.

HALSE. Well, you should have read this one, as it happens to be a curate who is being sued. It's not often one of you clergymen is let in for breach of promise.

PETER. You're q-quite right.

HALSE. I must say, though, that this one appears to have been a regular blackguard.

PETER. Oh!

HALSE. Yes; it seems that he wrote to this girl who is suing him, asking her if she would marry him. She was a governess in a family somewhere up in the north of Scotland, and gave up her situation to go to London to get married. When she arrived, however, she found that, since writing to her, he had married a rich widow with several children.

PETER. H-how v-very shock-shocking!

HALSE. However, she had kept his letter, and it has cost him—let's see (*looks at paper*) — no less than fifteen hundred pounds. I expect he is cursing himself now for having written it. Take my advice, Peter, my boy, when you ask a girl to marry you, as I suppose you will one of these days, don't do it in writing.

PETER. No?

HALSE. It don't pay, especially if you intend to marry someone else.

PETER. I w-will r-remember your advice. (JANE *enters.*)

JANE. Please, sir, Mr. Graham wants to see you.

HALSE (*aside*). I wonder what he can want with me. (*To Jane.*) Well, ask him in here.

JANE. Please, sir, he said it was something very important, and that he wanted to see you alone.

HALSE. Very well; you'd better show him into the dining-room, and say I will be with him immediately.

JANE. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

HALSE (*rising and going to window*). Here comes May. Will you excuse me, Peter?

PETER. C-cer-certainly. (*He rises from chair.*)

HALSE. I shall see you again I expect. (*Exit.*)

PETER. Whatever shall I say I have come to see May about? I don't know at all. I wish Ella would come in, too. I wonder if she will be wearing a rose as I asked her to? (MAY *enters, flushed with playing tennis.*)

MAY (*aside*). I suppose George asked Peter if he would marry us, and he has come on here to tell me that he will. (*Advancing to* PETER *and shaking hands.*) How are you, Peter? It is very good of you to come.

PETER. N-not at all.

MAY. I expect Ella will be coming in presently, so please tell me quickly.

PETER (*aside*). What shall I say? (*To* MAY.) Tell you what?

MAY. What you came up to tell me.

PETER (*aside*). What shall I say? (*To* MAY.) Er-er—about the Sunday-schools?

MAY. No, that's not what I mean.

PETER. W-what then?

MAY. If you will be able to marry me.

PETER (*astonished*). W-what?

MAY. If you will marry me; you will, won't you?

PETER. I-I-I am a-afraid I c-c-cannot.

MAY. Why not?

PETER. The cr-er f-fact is I may be eng-gaged.

MAY (*indignantly*). You may be, of course! Why, we have not even arranged the day yet.

PETER. I-I am afraid you d-don't quite understand.

MAY (*crossly*). Oh, yes, I do. It's simply an excuse. If you liked me at all you would take care not to be engaged.

PETER. R-really I am aw-awfully sorry.

MAY (*coaxingly*). You might, Peter. Don't you remember one day saying you would?

PETER. But that was so long a-ago. (*Aside.*) I couldn't have been more than eight.

MAY. You remember it, anyhow, so it cannot have been so very long ago. It's not so very much to do for me, after all.

PETER (*in great surprise*). D-d-don't you think so?

MAY. No, I don't; and the only possible reason you can have is because we shall have to be married without anyone knowing.

PETER. It w-would be v-very w-wrong to get married s-s-secretly. What would your father say?

MAY. We shall tell father as soon as we are married. I am quite sure he won't be very angry with you, for he'll know very well that I should have got someone else if you would not marry me.

PETER. W-why n-not get someone else then if I am not ab-absolutely essential?

MAY. Because I should prefer you. I know you so well. Besides, I thought, as you said you would, that you would like to marry me.

PETER. Of c-course, I should l-like to v-very much, but the fact is——

MAY (*breaking in*). That settles it. You have owned that you would like to.

PETER (*frightened*). R-really you m-must let me——

MAY. No, I absolutely decline, now, to hear any more.

PETER (*aside*). I've let myself in for it now. (*To* MAY *resignedly.*) V-very well, then. (*Aside.*) What about Ella?

(ELLA *appears in the window, wearing the red rose. Seeing* PETER *talking to* MAY, *she listens.*)

MAY (*joyfully*). I am so happy, Peter, that you will marry me after all. I knew you would if I asked you.

(ELLA *tears off the rose she is wearing, flings it away, and then disappears.*)

PETER (*aside*). Whatever am I to say to Ella?

MAY. Now I will go and find Ella. (*Slyly.*) I believe you want to see her, don't you? Promise me, though, that you won't tell her a word about all this, because it must be quite secret.

PETER. A-all r-right. (MAY *goes out through window.*) Oh, dear! Now I'm in for it. What can I say to Ella if she comes in with a red rose? I'm as bad as that curate Mr. Halse was telling me about. (*Terrified.*) Suppose she were to sue me for breach of promise! What a fool I was to write to her! I think I should die of shame. Still, it was hardly my fault. I never should have dreamt May capable of it. I suppose Ella must have told her that I had proposed to her, and that made May jealous. She must have loved me long and secretly, and my proposing to Ella brought it to a head. That's why she made me promise not to tell Ella. How can I explain it to her if she comes in wearing a red rose?

Oh, if she only has not got one! Perhaps she won't. Perhaps she will, though. I think I had better escape before she comes, and then I must write and explain it to her as best I can. (*Looks round for his hat, which he picks up from chair.*) Yes, that's the best thing to do. I will go immediately. (*He goes to door, and is just going out, when* GEORGE *rushes in.*)

GEO. Hullo, Peter; what are you doing here?

PETER. I was j-just going h-home. I-I'm in a h-h-hurry. (*Tries to go out.*)

GEO. (*detaining him*). Half-a-moment, old man. Where are the girls? Mr. Halse said I should find them with you.

PETER. I-I th-think they are in th-the g-garden. Now, g-good-b-bye, old m-man.

GEO. Don't be in such a hurry; you surely can wait to congratulate me. I am going to get married!

PETER. Y-you l-lucky m-man! (*Aside.*) Wish I were not!

GEO. Yes, I settled it all up with Mr. Halse this very day.

PETER. S-settled what up with Mr. Halse?

GEO. Why, about marrying May.

PETER (*shouting*). W-what?

GEO. There's no need to get so excited.

PETER. W-what was that you s-said, though, about M-May?

GEO. (*wonderingly*). Only that I had arranged with Mr. Halse that I could marry her.

PETER (*excited*). And he's going to let you?

GEO. Yes, that's what I've been telling you for the last quarter of an hour.

PETER (*shouting*). Hurrah! Then I'm free. (GEORGE *looks astounded.* MAY *enters through window.*)

MAY. Whatever's the matter? And what are you doing here, George?

GEO. I think Peter must have gone mad.

Ella flings herself into a chair, and bursts out crying.

MAY. Why?

GEO. I tell him that I am going to marry you, and he immediately starts shouting and dancing.

MAY. But he has known that for the last half hour.

PETER. T-that's j-just w-where you make a m-mistake.

MAY. How?

PETER. I-I am afraid you will think m-me a a fe-fearful fool, but I thought you wanted me to marry you.

MAY. Well, so I did.

PETER. I m-mean, I thought *you* wanted to marry *me*. (GEORGE *and* MAY *burst out laughing.*)

Halse. Not before lunch. I can't have you going back hungry.

Geo. Upon my word, that's the best thing I've heard for a long time.

May. I see now why you were so hard to persuade. (*To* George.) I thought you had called on Peter, and asked him if he would marry us.

Geo. No. You see, I changed my mind. When I got home I found a letter for me from the people to whom I sent my novel offering me the post of editor of the *Monthly Monster Magazine*, as well as accepting the book.

May (*excited*). How lovely!

Geo. Well, instead of going to Peter's to ask him to marry us secretly, I decided to come straight to Mr. Halse and ask him if we could be married openly, and he consented.

May (*rushing to his arms*). Oh, George, how beautiful!

Peter (*turning his back on them as they kiss*). D-don't mind me. I think I will go and find Miss Mayfield.

May. Oh, I meant to tell you I could not find her anywhere in the garden. She must have come into the house. (*Door opens* Ah, here she is. (Ella *enters. To* George.) I think we had better go and look at the garden. (May *and* George *go out through window.*)

Peter (*aside*). She isn't wearing any rose. Can she have had my letter? (*To Ella.*) G-g-good m-morning, Miss M-m-mayfield.

Ella (*frigidly*). Good morning, Mr. Simpson.

Peter. W-what a b-beautiful day it is!

Ella. Is it not!

Peter. D-did—did you y-you g-get my let-let-letter?

Ella. I did.

Peter (*aside*). It's all up with me then. (*To* Ella). P-please don't t-tell me that you won't accept me. (*He seizes her hand and kneels down.*) M-miss M-mayfield! (*Passionately.*) Ella, I d-do love y-you so much, p-please say you'll m-marry me.

Ella (*pulling her hand away*). I can't.

Peter (*getting up*). W-why not?

Ella (*furiously*). You must know the reason.

Peter (*aside*). It must be my confounded

stammering. (*To Ella.*) Is there no hope? It is not my fault.

ELLA. No, there is no hope. (*Aside.*) I am sure it is all May's fault.

PETER. G-good-bye, then. (*Rushes from room.* ELLA *flings herself into a chair, and bursts out crying.* MAY *and* GEORGE *come in at the window.* MAY, *seeing Ella crying, comes up to her,* GEORGE *waits at back.*)

MAY (*touching Ella on shoulder*). My dear Ella, what's the matter?

ELLA (*sobbing*). Go away—go away.

MAY. Not until you have told me what's the matter.

ELLA. You ought to know; it's all your doing.

MAY (*astonished*). All my doing? Whatever do you mean?

ELLA. You know very well. I overheard you.

MAY. Overheard me what?

ELLA. Oh, please go away. What's the use of torturing me like this?

MAY (*shaking her*). Look here, Ella, I insist on knowing what you mean. What did you overhear? Why am I torturing you? What's become of Peter?

ELLA (*fiercely*). You ought to know where Mr. Simpson is, considering that you are going to marry him.

MAY. Are you mad? I'm not going to marry Peter. I'm sure I've not the slightest wish to marry him, and I know for a fact that he feels the same about marrying me.

ELLA (*unconvinced*). But I overheard you say to him that you were so happy because he was going to marry you.

MAY (*shouting to George*). Here, George! Here's another one who thinks I asked Peter to marry me.

GEO. (*coming forward*). Good morning, Miss Mayfield. It seems that May has been giving you all a wrong impression. I am the happy man she is going to marry.

ELLA. Then you must let me congratulate you.

GEO. Thank you.

MAY. I suppose I must have asked Peter if he would marry us in a very unusual way that both he and Ella thought I wanted to marry him.

GEO. I'm sure you must.

(*Door opens, and* CHARLES HALSE *enters holding* PETER *by the arm.*)

HALSE. Upon my word, girls, I'm ashamed of you both. As I was coming back from the post-office just now, I met Peter going home. The idea of your not asking him to stay and have lunch with us! I must say he looked quite down in the mouth.

PETER. R-really, I ought to get home.

HALSE. Not before lunch. I can't have you going back hungry, as you certainly looked, when I met you.

PETER. I-it was n-not hunger, I assure you, that caused my depression.

(ELLA *slips out at back through window.*)

HALSE. Whatever caused it you've got to stay. (GEORGE *whispers in* PETER'S *ear.*) Now then, May, just run and tell cook that we shall want an extra place at lunch; and Ella, my dear—(*Looks round, but cannot see her.*) Wherever has Ella got to?

MAY. I think she has gone into the garden to pick a red rose.

PETER. Per-haps you will excuse m-me, then.

HALSE Why?

PETER. I think I had b-better go and help her.

Amateurs may obtain permission to perform this delightful little play by applying to the Editor, "The Royal Magazine," 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CAP AND BELLS

NASTY.

RIVERS: "I wish I could remember what I tied that knot in this handkerchief for."

BROOKS: "Perhaps to conceal the initials in the corner. I lost one like it the other day."

* * * * *

ANOTHER.

When seven years past my first decade
Light fiction fed my youthful fancies,
I noticed there was one who played
A leading part in most romances:
Appearing oft in varied guise
With some poetic name or other,
A "willowy" girl with "liquid" eye
Who loves Another.

At last—a maiden fair and sweet
I met and loved in youthful fashion,
Its trembling fervour at her feet
Poured out my heart's consuming passion;
She spoke in sorrow, "Mr. Jones,
To me thou canst but be a brother;
A dearer yet my young heart owns—
I love Another."

I sobbed. The salt tears freely ran,
I swore my earthly hopes were blighted
(I also swore I'd kill the man
To whom her fickle heart was plighted);
At last I said I'd go and seek
Some pond my frenzied grief to smother;
And rushed away—and in a week
I loved Another.

Litchfield Woods.

* * * * *

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

EDITOR: "Your narrative is too bald.'

AUTHOR: "Very well. I will introduce some hair-raising incidents."

THE REASON.

LITTLE BESSIE: "I like you better than sister's other's beau."

THE BEAU: "I'm glad to hear that. Why do you like me?"

LITTLE BESSIE: "'Cause sister never eats the cheap sweets you bring, and I get all of them."

* * * * *

PROPHETIC.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts
With dainty little tucks and flirts;
Posed on the saddle, felt the tread
Of the pedal, and "I'm off!" she said.
A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway,
And from the road-bed, where she lay,
She realised in full degree
The climax of her prophecy.

* * * * *

A NASTY FALL.

"I had rather a bad fall last night; remained unconscious nearly eight hours."

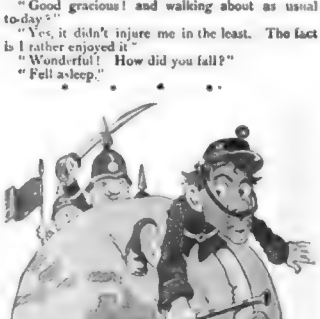
"Good gracious! and walking about as usual to-day?"

"Yes, it didn't injure me in the least. The fact is I rather enjoyed it."

"Wonderful! How did you fall?"

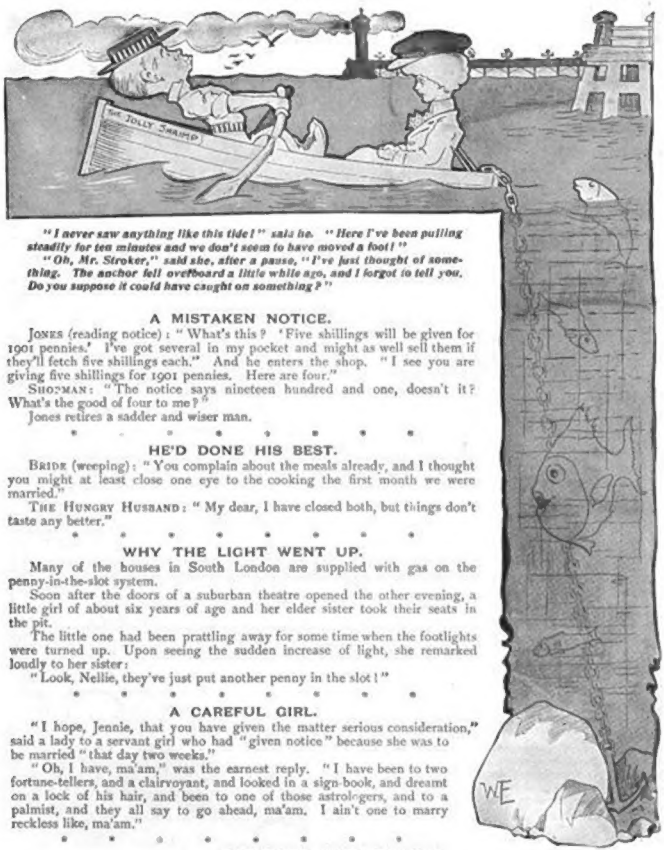
"Fell asleep."

* * * * *



"When he saw the enemy coming he turned and ran. I call that cowardice."

"Not at all. He remembered that the earth is round, and he intended to run round and attack the enemy from the rear."



"I never saw anything like this tide!" said he. "Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes and we don't seem to have moved a foot!"

"Oh, Mr. Stroker," said she, after a pause, "I've just thought of something. The anchor fell overboard a little while ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?"

A MISTAKEN NOTICE.

JONES (reading notice): "What's this? 'Five shillings will be given for 1901 pennies.' I've got several in my pocket and might as well sell them if they'll fetch five shillings each." And he enters the shop. "I see you are giving five shillings for 1901 pennies. Here are four."

SHOPMAN: "The notice says nineteen hundred and one, doesn't it? What's the good of four to me?"

Jones retires a sadder and wiser man.

* * * * * * * *

HE'D DONE HIS BEST.

BRIDE (weeping): "You complain about the meals already, and I thought you might at least close one eye to the cooking the first month we were married."

THE HUNGRY HUSBAND: "My dear, I have closed both, but things don't taste any better."

* * * * * * * *

WHY THE LIGHT WENT UP.

Many of the houses in South London are supplied with gas on the penny-in-the-slot system.

Soon after the doors of a suburban theatre opened the other evening, a little girl of about six years of age and her elder sister took their seats in the pit.

The little one had been prattling away for some time when the footlights were turned up. Upon seeing the sudden increase of light, she remarked loudly to her sister:

"Look, Nellie, they've just put another penny in the slot!"

* * * * * * * *

A CAREFUL GIRL.

"I hope, Jennie, that you have given the matter serious consideration," said a lady to a servant girl who had "given notice" because she was to be married "that day two weeks."

"Oh, I have, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune-tellers, and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamt on a lock of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a palmist, and they all say to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry reckless like, ma'am."

* * * * * * * *

RETURNED WITH THANKS.

"I come," began the poor woman in the thin shawl, "to ask you for something to keep the wolf from the door."

The manufacturer took something from a shelf.

"There is one of our patented game traps. Set it a little distance away, and the wolf will never reach the door."

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THE DIFFICULTY.

"No," said the society reporter, "it is not so hard to get descriptions of the costumes. The hard part is to write the descriptions so that each lady will consider herself the best-dressed woman present."

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ENTERPRISING ADVERTISER.

"Pardon me, sir, but I heard you tell the gentleman who just left that you 'would wash your hands of the whole affair.'"

"Well?"

"In case you do, may I hope that you will try my patent soap, price one penny per cake?"

A CONFESSION.

HARDUPPE: "I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

BORROWELL: "What's that?"

HARDUPPE: "Getting up."

* *

LITERALLY TRUE.

"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a coloured one and laid it on the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for it's the gas bill."

GIVEN AWAY.

SHOPMAN: "Will you allow us to send this for you, madam?"

PROUD LADY: "No, thank you; I'm driving."

LADY'S LITTLE GIRL (in ecstasy): "Oh, mummy, are we going back in the yellow 'bus?"

* * * * *

STRANGERS YET.

As down the garden path he strolled,
He saw her seated on the fence,
And almost instantly betrayed
A curiosity intense.

But, though he hardly made a sound,
Approaching swiftly on tip-toe,
She heard him coming, and at once
In maiden shyness turned to go—

And vanished ere he reached the spot . . .
I wonder if you've reasoned that
He was an angry-looking dog,
And she a perspicacious cat?

LESLIE THOMAS.

* * * * *

HER COURSE EXPLAINED.

"I don't think much of a man who takes 'No' for an answer," she remarked coyly. Thereupon, of course, he proposed again and was accepted.

"But why," he asked, "did you refuse me in the first place?"

"I was thinking of the future," she replied. "If anything ever happens to mar our domestic happiness, I insist upon having the satisfaction of saying that I refused you once, and only yielded finally to your importunities."

A GAY DECEIVER.

WIFE: "Before we were married, you used to write me letters eight and ten pages long. Now, when you go away, you just send me little notes of half a page."

HUSBAND: "Um—my dear, I am—er—trying to economise in letter paper, so as to have more money for my darling to spend."

* *

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the puff-ball.

"Oh, it's an idea of mine," answered the mushroom. "I'm giving myself a coat of paint to make myself look like a poisonous fungus; then people may leave me alone!"

THE ORDEAL.

I am not accounted a coward,
I have fought in full many campaigns;
With a pretty good nerve I am dowered,
And the average fitment of brains.
But there is one problem that floors me,
One time when I fear for my fate,
And that's when a lady implores me
To say if her hat is on straight.

In shape an irregular oval,
Top-hamper built over one side,
The brim curled about like a shovel,
A bow round the crown of it tied,
An edging of something like ermine,
At all events, white with a spot—
Say, how is a man to determine
If that hat is on crooked or not?

Bewildered, at length, and despairing,
I venture a desperate guess,
And helplessly still at it staring,
I manage to stammer out, "YES!"

* * *

Oh, folly! Oh, drivel! Oh, blither!
That mirror I somehow forgot!
One glance—then she turns, and I wither!
"Deceiver! How dare you! It's *not!*"

SYDNEY J. TAYLER.

Wife: "What in the world do you want with a trombone? You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performances on that awful instrument."

Hubby: "Calm yourself, my dear; that's the one I've bought."

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A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

TRAVELLER: "Why do you allow that waiter to remain constantly so close to that young married couple? It evidently annoys them."

LANDLORD: "Oh, because they keep ordering things, so as to get him out of hearing!"

* *

OF COURSE.

YOUNG PATIENT: "I can't pay the bill, doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was, either."

DOCTOR: "That's because you didn't take my advice."

"Ah — well — of course, if I didn't take it, I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning.

* *

DOING HER DUTY.

MISTRESS (to new housemaid fresh from the country): "Now, see Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?"

NEW HOUSEMAID: "Yes, ma'am; quite, ma'am."

MISTRESS (next morning): "What a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!"

NEW HOUSEMAID (with much pride): "Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the rooms, and turned on all the gases ready for the night."

* * * * *

ANOTHER THEORY ESTABLISHED.

HE: "I see that a French physician says yawning is beneficial to the health."

SHE: "Indeed! I've wondered a number of times why I have been so unusually well since you took to coming here to spend the evenings."

* * *

WORKING TOGETHER.

"Dr. Dosem and his wife seem to be in league together, don't they?"

"How so?"

"Why, he is trying to boom his new dyspepsia cure, while she is running a cooking school."

SNUBBED.

Affable Barber to Small "Man": "I must mind I don't cut his dear little ears off, eh, little one?"

"Man" (in scornful tones): "Don't be so silly!"

GOOD MUSCLE EXERCISE.

"Hallo, Jones! How strong and healthy you have grown since last we met?"

"Yes, Dick, I'm cultivating my muscle preparatory to becoming a pugilist. Feel that arm."

"What are you doing?"

"Working in a jeweller's shop."

"Pshaw! How can you increase your muscle with such light work as that?"

"Easy enough. I wind all the watches in the entire establishment."

* *

HIS REVENGE.

CHURCH SIDESMAN (confidentially): "That woman I seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent round to the back door one day when I called at the house on a business errand. Made me transact business through a servant, too. But I've got even with her."

FRIEND: "You've given her one of the best pews in the church."

SIDESMAN: "Wait half-an-hour. She's right where a stained glass window will throw a red light on her nose."

* * * * *

DIDN'T LIKE OLD BOTTLES.

MR. NURICH (with murder in his eye): "Lookee here! I left an order with you yisterday for a dozen bottles of the best Madeery wine in yer old shop?"

WINE MERCHANT: "Yes, sir. Weren't they delivered?"

MR. NURICH: "Why, the stuff you sent me was so stale, the bottles had dust on 'em an inch thick. You can't work no shop-soiled stuff off on me."

* *

NEIGHBOURS.

Two desperate-looking tramps were arraigned before a police magistrate.

"Where do you live?" asked the latter.

"I have no residence."

"And you."

"Oh! me? Why I live on the floor above him."

"I don't seem to have any heart this morning," said the cabbage dismally. "How do you feel, Mr. Pomegranate?"

"Seedy," answered the Pomegranate.

"Whatever can be the matter with both of you?" said the Onion. "Why, I never felt so strong in my life!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

"17 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN."

Not long ago I was asked to give a lecture to a large meeting at Poplar. I was to tell the Poplarites how a magazine like The Royal is conducted. Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., was in the chair, and it's really about him that I want to tell the story. I arrived at Poplar, and discovered that, through some mistake on the part of those who got up the meeting, twelve instead of six ladies had been invited to sing, and play solos on the piano, for harmony as well as wisdom (which I had been asked to provide) were to be the order of the evening.

One after another these ladies came on to the platform and delivered their songs. Each was duly encored—you have no idea how enthusiastic a Poplar audience can be—and when they had all finished it was closing time.

Mr. Crooks turned to me.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but I think we'll have to postpone your address."

I assured him it didn't matter at all to me, whereupon he rose and addressed the audience thus:

"Ladies and gentleman, this meeting has been altogether too harmonious for the Editor. If you should ask him to give his address now he would probably say: '17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,' and walk out of the Hall."

He has a very pretty wit, has Mr. Will Crooks. I shouldn't mind spending an afternoon listening to his stories.

THE GENESIS OF A SERIES.

Some little while ago I was one day rather stumped for ideas. I wanted a new series of articles badly, and couldn't for the life of me think of one. A day and a night passed in a vain cudgelling of my brains. Then, as I was standing on the platform waiting for my train, I fell into conversation with the driver of an engine which was standing stationary in a siding. I asked him if I might get into the cab, just to feel what it was like, as I had never been in the cab of an engine before. As I stood there, the idea I had so long been in search of jumped plump into my brain.

It was like this.

I happened to glance through the weather glass, as I think those circular windows in the front of the cab shelter are called. Before me I saw the front of the engine, and, beyond that the lines stretching in a long tapering ribbon. The point of view was quite new, and suddenly it came upon me in a flash:—"If this is new to you, my boy, it must be new to crowds of other people as well!"

Such was the genesis of the series of articles entitled "The World Through Other Eyes," which ran through The Royal for many months with phenomenal success.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

In the February number of The Royal appeared a story by Mr. A. Demain Grange, entitled "Mr. Gummidge's Little Deal." A host of readers took the trouble to draw my attention to the fact that this story very closely resembled another, entitled "An Act of Charity," by Mr. Charles Fielding Marsh in *Chambers's Journal*. I spoke to Mr. Grange, and he showed me a paragraph from an old number of the *Daily Telegraph*, reporting an event exactly similar to the one described in his story as actually occurring in Paris. It was from this paragraph that he wrote "Mr. Gummidge's Little Deal," and it is only logical to suppose that Mr. Marsh drew his inspiration from the same source.

I FELT THE POINTS

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, whose amusing school stories you have often enjoyed in the pages of The Royal and Pearson's Magazine, once sent in a manuscript very badly put together with three or four crooked pins. On opening it I pricked my hand rather severely. I don't think I said anything improper until I came to the postscript of the letter accompanying the MS.:—"*You will have, no doubt, felt by now that the story is simply bristling with good points.*"

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